

JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 80.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1907.

ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

No. 032874

*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

Contents

What is Your Number?

The World, The Flesh, and The Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

The Newest Theology.

Tradesmen.

Among the Mummies.

Among the Books.

Hurly Burly.

John Bull's Post-cards.

The Cartoon.

John Bull in the City.

Among the Lawyers.

Christmas Card Sweating.

Bull's Eyes. Letter Bag.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

Racing Notes, etc.



For meaning of this number
see page 1.



"Thanks for putting me on to the
ClemaK
safety
RAZOR
it's a jolly good thing."

RAZOR AND 7 BLADES 5/-

A BLADE FOR EVERY DAY in the WEEK.

The Seven-bladed "CLEMAK" has revolutionised the Safety Razor business of the world. Scientific machinery has made the Guinea "Safety" of yesterday a Five-shilling razor to-day.

We've dared to fix a retail price that means a "square deal." "CLEMAK" Safety Razor sets are complete at Five Shillings. Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

It's the safest safety razor in history. Everybody becomes an expert barber with the first shave—it's IMPOSSIBLE TO CUT THE FACE.

"CLEMAK" blades are guaranteed to the limit—they are the keenest, finest tempered, and easiest shaving of all razor blades. They can be STROPPED like the ordinary razor, and will last for years.

SHOULD YOU ALREADY HAVE A SAFETY and be bothered with sharpening, buy "CLEMAK" blades—they will fit your safety frame. Price 2/6 per packet of 6, post free.

"COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR MONEY RETURNED" IS THE "CLEMAK" MOTTO.
 "CLEMAK" book on "SELF-SHAVING" (40 pages) post free on application.
 SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 5/-, mentioning "JOHN BULL," and receive your set prepaid, from

CLEMAK RAZOR CO., BILLITER ST., LONDON.

89 & 103, Strand (under Savoy 127, High Holborn, Hotel),
 42, Old Broad Street, 41, Gracechurch Street,
 49, Moorgate Street, 7, London Street, E.C.4.
 Depots 68, Chancery Lane (under Bennett's 45, Queen Victoria Street,
 clock), 17, Billiter Street.

Every quality that makes for perfection in Shaving Soap is found in "Shavallo"—

a thick, close, creamy lather, quick to soften, slow to dry; a mildness that never irritates and a perfume that delights.

For comfort and speed in Shaving, no other Shaving Soap—British or Foreign—measures up to "Shavallo" in its special Ivorine Case—and "Shavallo" is British made.

Shavallo
THE IDEAL SHAVING SOAP

in Ivorine case, allowing direct application of soap to face, 1/- each. Ordinary cake in carton, 4½d. each, of most Hair-dressers and Chemists.

Made by **JOHN KNIGHT, LTD.,**
 SOAP MAKERS TO THE KING,
 THE ROYAL PRIMROSE SOAP WORKS, LONDON. E.



GENUINE ONLY IN SEALED PACKETS AND TINS.

NAME and FAME
WORLD-WIDE.

The PERFORMER
 THE VOICE OF THE MUSIC HALLS.

THE ARTISTE'S OWN PAPER.

WATCH FOR OUR

SECOND . . .

CHRISTMAS . . .

ANNUAL . . . 6d.

A LITERARY TIT-BIT FOR HOLIDAY APPETITES.

20 Complete Stories by 20 "Star" Artists.

EVERY THURSDAY, ONE PENNY.

28, Wellington Street, London, W.C.

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. III. No. 80.

Saturday, December 14th, 1907.

One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.
All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

PER ANNUM, POST FREE.
UNITED KINGDOM 6s. 6d.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITHIN THE POSTAL UNION 8s. 6d.
SHORTER OR LONGER PERIODS IN PROPORTION.

THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

GAIRY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS. EVERY EVENING at 8.15 (doors open 7.45), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG." MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15 (doors open 2.0). Box office, 10 till 10.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Produced by Mr. Geo. Edwards. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a new play with music, entitled "THE MERRY WIDOW ("Die Lustige Witwe").

WHY PAY RENT?

The BRITISH HOMES SCHEME enables Policy-holders to reap the benefit of their investment

DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME
and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representatives in possession of a comfortable home free from any mortgage charge or encumbrance. Particulars post free.

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.
BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.
6, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C. M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

IMPORTANT ALTERATION IN OUR WEEKLY BALLOT SCHEME.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

Hitherto, it has been our custom to draw TEN numbers weekly, and to pay to each of the holders the sum of £5; but in future we shall select fifty helpers weekly at a guinea each.

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded.

The following claim has been received in respect of November and:—

Private LEADBETTER, H Company, S.W. Borderers, Oudenarde Barracks, Aldershot (No. 317,087, Nov. 2nd).

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 9TH:—

473,656; 394,541; 441,543; 439,261; 423,100;
411,825; 415,412; 384,956; 387,688; 432,062.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 16TH.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 18TH (PUBLISHED JANUARY 16TH).

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

It is quite on the cards that there will be serious trouble in Natal, and the Government will have to walk very warily if they are not to come a cropper. Natal is bankrupt, as it was before the Boer war. A good many of the millions spent by this foolish Old Country in that war went into Natal pockets, and whilst the war lasted the Natalians had a fine time. They want to repeat it. There is nothing to show that Dinizulu is disloyal, and they seem to be goading him to rebellion. Where is Mr. Churchill? It is a pity he is not on the spot. Meantime, Lord Elgin should issue an official statement showing exactly what are the offences alleged against the hapless Dini.

We were struck the other day by two pictures side by side in a newspaper. One represented a little man with the walk of a counter jumper and a mouth like a letter-box. He looked extremely fussy and flustered and very self-conscious. This was the King of Spain going to church. The other was a pathetic figure. A man in an Inverness cape, which looked like a monk's cowl, was emerging from an ecclesiastical archway. His hat was raised in a devotional attitude, and he wore a faint half-monastic expression. And yet there was about him a look of dignity and courage and enterprise. This was the German Emperor. We suppose there has rarely been a greater contrast between two monarchs than between the couple who have been visiting us recently. As for the German Emperor, he will certainly have endeared himself in this country by his adaptability. He has exhibited during his stay amongst us all the charms of that species which many of us regarded as almost extinct—the old English gentleman.

The difference between the modern and the ancient Roman is well illustrated by the choice of the new Mayor of Rome. His name is Nathan, he is a Jew, he is a Freemason, he is not even an Italian. He has evidently been chosen more to annoy the Pope than to please the citizens. Surely this exhibits a grave want of tact, for, even though no one may want to restore the temporal power of the Pope, the Papacy still possesses a strong hold and a great historical tradition. If it is to be persecuted and driven out, one of the chief interests of Rome will disappear. These are evil days for the Papacy, and it would not surprise us if Pius X. had to seek asylum in England, which is now almost the only country where refugees are sure of hospitality and freedom.

It is amusing to see that rather Radical peer, Lord Carrington, beating the democratic drum. The Government, he says, are entirely opposed to turning the House of Lords into a sort of glorified Athenæum Club. "It was not their intention to create a menagerie of celebrities. The will of the people must prevail." We seem to have heard that last phrase somewhere

before, and probably we shall hear it again. The will of the people, however, does not seem to have prevailed to any considerable extent up to now. As a matter of fact, stripping party politics of their cant and humbug, the people haven't any will at all worth mentioning. The will of the people is the will of the men who chuck the legislative or non-legislative shuttle through the party machine, and whether or what it weaves, or whether or what it doesn't, is "all according." Wool, or cotton, or old rags go in and fabric comes out—full of large holes; and this is what is facetiously called the People's Will. On the whole, we are dead tired of this old joke about the People's Will. What we want to hear is the People's Won't.

The comments of the *Daily News* and other organs of the peculiar people on the fight at the National Sporting Club are much as might have been anticipated. The epithets are of the usual character—"brutal," "degrading," "ruffianly," and all the rest of them. But what in fact is this four-ounce glove boxing but a form of athleticism? In what way is a glove contest between two men more degrading than any other manly sport where the demands are for human endurance, strength, and agility—than football, for instance, or hockey, or wrestling, or gymnastics, or polo? Is it more degrading for two men to stand up to each other, armed in their native strength and using against each other nature's weapons, than it is to hunt the deer, or the fox, or shoot partridges or pheasants preserved by wealthy men and beaten up by their hired servants? As long as a boxing fight is fair and the men are well-matched, there is no more harm in it than there is in ju-jitsu, or catch-as-catch-can. Moir and Burns are as much to be applauded as Hackenschmidt, the Terrible Turk, Yukio Tani, Bobs, Kitchener, or the Duke of Wellington. Indeed, we look forward to the time when, failing peace on earth, nations will throw aside their bayonets, rifles, and cannon, and settle their quarrels with the native fist in a fight to a finish, or a twenty-rounds' contest under Sporting Club rules.

In some respects we are sorry that the gutter merchants have been cleared off Ludgate Hill. They made a cheap toy market for the multitude. The market gave some of the unemployed the chance of a crust, some of the idle the chance to be busy, and some of the riff-raff the chance of turning an honest penny. But, on the whole, the Ludgate Hill gutter market was a nuisance. It attracted pickpockets innumerable; it made the thoroughfare impassable and even dangerous. For a whole week before Christmas it was a task for anybody to find his way from Ludgate Circus to St. Paul's. To foot the distance in less than fifteen minutes constituted a record. The "market," however, survives. It goes to Holborn, which is roomier, and takes its squeaking dolls, and jumping frogs, and dying pigs with it. It stands at ease in the gutters facing Gamage's. But Mr. Gamage, a broad-minded, enterprising, fair-dealing business man, makes no complaint. "Let 'em all come," he says. "They won't do us much harm, and they may do themselves a bit of good. Live and let live." So all's as right as rain, and the shivering line of human derelicts, men, women and children, Jew and Gentile alike, may continue to shout their raucous penn'orths into the December air.

One of the Romans used to say that whether you got married or whether you didn't you would repent it. That opinion notwithstanding, the hope of all our readers will be that Lord Loreburn will be happy ever after. Ever since his Lordship came into light as "Bob Reid," he seems to have had the knack, or the grace, of popularity. It may be doubted whether he has ever had an enemy. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that would be a matter of suspicion, for, according to the proverb, the man who is without

enemies is without friends. Lord Loreburn, however, seems to be the hundredth case. He is a sound lawyer, a fine scholar, a cultured man of the world, and at one time was a great athlete; while, if he were not a man of high courage, he would not have become a widower to remarry at sixty-one. As British sportsmen we like to see these daring experiments of youth. They are indicative of the grit and unquenchable hope of the race. May his lordship live long years to wear his tremendous wig.

It is not permitted to us to comment upon the Druce case at present, but we may be allowed to felicitate Mr. Horace Avory upon the good time which, from a professional point of view, he is having. We rather like Horace Avory. He is a bit inquisitive, perhaps, but then it is his business to poke his nose into other people's affairs. But he has a pleasant way with him, and is always an honourable and chivalrous opponent. He is also very thorough in his work, and we should not be at all surprised if ere long he were discovered in the dead of night with a spade and a pickaxe and a dark lantern in the neighbourhood of Highgate Cemetery.

Here is a pretty example of Christian charity. The Town Council of Basingstoke contains a preponderance of Nonconformists, and the Mayor, to meet the views of all parties, suggested that the Council should attend in state at a local chapel as well as at the parish church. The vicar, however, does not approve of such rank heresy, and upon receiving notice of the proposed visit to *his* church, he wrote to the Mayor as follows:—

November 14th.

Dear Sir,—I have your letter of the 12th telling me of the intention of the Mayor and Corporation to attend the Parish Church next Sunday, accompanied by the Police, Fire Brigade, Volunteers, and Yeomanry.

I regret you decided to come uninvited. I have no wish to see the Mayor at God's House, at a mere formal service, for I understand that he intends, if asked, to go to one of the many Nonconformist places of worship on a subsequent Sunday.

To thus degrade God's Church to the level of one of the 350 man-made sects is to my mind a mockery of religion and God's Truth.

As he would not think of going unasked to a Chapel, it appears to me very bad form to force his presence on an unwilling Vicar, who, as successor of a long line of Vicars of Basingstoke, has a claim on the consideration of the Mayor, who succeeds to a comparatively new institution.

Yours, etc.,

H. W. BOUSTEAD.

We have taken the liberty of addressing an Open Letter to the reverend gentleman on the subject.

Mr. Frederick Harrison suggests that Crosby Hall should be transferred bodily from its present site and erected elsewhere. What "elsewhere" means is defined in the flying rumour that if the full amount of the money demanded for the purchase of the site cannot be found, the London County Council will offer free space for the re-erection of the wood and bricks and stone in Aldwych. We are far from saying that, from a spectacular point of view, the transplantation of Crosby Hall would not be an improvement on the assorted collection of hardy perennials which have so long occupied the surface of "the finest site in Europe." And if the Council cannot find a buyer for the abandoned Thames steamboats, they might also be dumped there at the same time, together with any other ancient monuments for which neither time nor eternity seems to have any particular use. The historic traditions of Crosby Hall, however, would be made more visibly impressive if the enthusiasts rolled up in greater numbers with their money to preserve it *in situ*. They would then have the right to continue it as a cook-shop.

With the acquittal of Mrs. Bradley for the murder of Senator Brown, the Unwritten Law again triumphs in America. There was no question about the facts. The lady went to live with Senator Brown, knowing he was a married man, on the promise, so she says, that he would take steps to obtain a divorce and marry her. Of this alliance three children were born. There were from time to time various quarrels between the man and the woman, culminating at last in the woman's abandonment, with her children, to such mercy and pity as they could find in the outside world. The woman, therefore, sought out the man in his hotel, shot him dead in his bedroom, and justified her act as one which "any other woman would have done." We are far from saying that the woman should suffer the death penalty in such a case. But it is surely quite another thing to argue that she should have been acquitted on the ground that she had committed no crime at all. Such verdicts are a premium on murder. Every woman in America who voluntarily enters into illicit relations with a man now knows that she may shoot him dead with impunity if he abandons her when he is tired of the liaison, or anxious to shuffle off the burden of its consequences. This is neither good morals nor good social law.

Mr. Sydney Buxton should keep his eye upon certain innocent-looking engineering circulars now going through the halfpenny post. If he will give instructions to have these opened, he will find that they cover the particulars of a German lottery. We have no particular objection to any of these circulars coming through the Post Office; but as unbending enemies of every form of lottery, we think it our duty to direct the attention of the Postmaster-General to the matter.

No one will grudge Miss Florence Nightingale her new distinction, if it gives her any pleasure, but we cannot help thinking that the Order of Merit is an unnecessary institution. Most of the other recipients are persons of somewhat doubtful merit and very little interest. For instance, we doubt very much whether one man in ten could tell us anything off hand about Sir William Huggins, O.M., or Sir E. H. Seymour, O.M. We always thought that O.M. stood for "Old Man," but we must have been mistaken now that the letters are used to describe a lady—or may it be "Old Maid"? One point more. If Miss Nightingale deserves the Order now, she must have deserved it when the Order was first founded. She has done nothing since.

We are not altogether sorry to learn that the Moors are carrying the war into French territory. It will serve to convince the French that they have undertaken rather a big job, and it may make them a little more indulgent when they see other nations involved in complications with fuzzy-wuzzies. It will not surprise us to hear of serious difficulties in Algeria at any moment. The French have never been popular there, and, if the Moors obtain a few more successes, the natives of Algeria may be encouraged to attempt a rising.

We do not quite understand why a contemporary has been organising an "Exhibition of Books." This merely means that various publishers send their wares to be inspected, and that various authors deliver themselves of various platitudes. Mr. Mason, M.P., for instance, made the startlingly original reflection that "we may always look upon books as our greatest friends." And Mr. Belloc, M.P., uttered the following lucid piece of wisdom: "If somebody did not say that sort of thing, well nobody would say it, and if nobody said it they would not hear it." We do not quite understand how an exhibition can be opened more than once, but in this case we have men appearing day after day

to perform the ceremony of opening. One might almost imagine that the opening was unsuccessful and had to be done over again. In any case it was not worth doing.

Slowly Mr. Edalji seems to be coming into his own. Let us for a moment trace the steps in his rehabilitation. First he was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, and struck off the solicitors' rolls. Then his sentence was reduced to three years. Then he was released. Then he was the subject of an extra-judicial inquiry. Then he was granted a free pardon. Now the Courts have replaced him on the rolls, and he is at liberty to practice his profession. After all this, we should really begin to think that the Great Wyrley outrages were done by somebody else—if it were not for the fact that the Home Secretary declines to grant any kind of monetary compensation to Mr. Edalji. What does Mr. Gladstone know that he won't tell us? It is too bad of him to keep the secret all to himself.

A great deal of nonsense is frequently talked about Italian aspirations to the recovery of "lost provinces." As a matter of fact, Italy has never lost any provinces. When she was for a short time a kingdom under Buonaparte, she was little more than a French province. Her present kingdom has no legitimate claim whatever upon the alleged Italian provinces of Austria. Trieste has belonged to Austria for about five centuries, and has no desire to lose all its prosperity by coming under the soporific influence of Italy. Trieste was once an independent duchy, but never became Italian. As for Dalmatia and Croatia, the Italian population only amounts to 5 per cent. there, while in Istria it does not exceed 25 per cent. Yet the Italians are for ever casting greedy glances in those directions. If there is to be any talk of recovering lost provinces, we should be much less surprised to find Austria attempting to recover Lombardy.

To a German paper we owe the discovery that in a few decades most of the books in the public libraries will be spoiled by an accumulation of dust or eaten up with damp. "Books and papers," adds our contemporary, "should be made by a scientific process which will guarantee their durability." We hope not. We view the ultimate destruction of most of the books in our public libraries with a great deal of pleasure. So far as we can understand, indeed, they have been written and published for no other purpose than to die, and any process which assisted them to live would be an outrage on posterity. Posterity has done no harm to us. Therefore mercy should be our watchword. The cheaper and flimsier the paper on which our current literature is written, and the commoner its binding, the sooner it will attract mildew, moth, and worm. There may be one or two extant authors worthy of being printed on iron leaves; but they have not written much up to now. We live in days of small things.

As a rule, the motor-car journals are unable or unwilling to understand that they are in a position to serve the general public by impressing on motorists that they should use their practical freedom in regard to speed with the utmost consideration to others who use the highways. This should be unceasingly pressed as the point of honour. The man who drives his motor-car down a crowded public thoroughfare at high speed, or sweeps round a cross corner without slacking down, ought to be made to feel that he is not only a menace to public safety, but inimical to the interests of motor traffic everywhere. We are glad to note that the *Car* tells motorists that the only safe way for them to negotiate "each and every corner" is to assume that there may be a vehicle or a person just out of sight on the wrong side of the road "muddled in wits and unable to get out of the way." This is common-sense

and necessary advice. It does not do for the motorist to rush on conscious that the law will protect him if he himself has blown his horn and is on the right side of the road. He is in charge of a powerful and dangerous engine. He is, indeed, a pioneer in a great traffic and transit revolution, and he must learn to appreciate the responsibility of the position.

We have always contended that Socialism and Protection are very near relations. This theory is confirmed by recent events in Rome. The protectionist system there has made the price of food so outrageous that the municipality has had to intervene in a socialistic spirit and regulate prices. It will be interesting to see what happens, for if tradesmen find that they cannot make a profit by selling food, we suppose they will take to selling something else—unless, of course, the municipality compels them to go on trading at a loss. That would be an eminently socialistic measure.

We have the honour of agreeing with Sir Alfred Jones that his office of Consul of the Congo Free State is "a position of considerable odium." His letter to the *Times* is, throughout, a poignant wail that anybody in England should for one single moment suppose that he is in sympathy with cruelty, or in the remotest way condones it. But people will misunderstand the purest and highest motives. It is their nature to. Sir Alfred can easily rid himself of all suspicion. Let him resign his position as Consul for Red Rubber—red with the blood of slaughtered and maimed men, women, and children. "I have always recognised," says Sir Alfred, in an outburst of candour, "the difficulty of introducing civilisation concurrently with the development of trade in the Congo." If civilisation is represented by the burning of peaceful villages, by cutting off human ears and hands, by swinging helpless natives from trees and shooting them down in cold blood, then the difficulty must be great indeed. But this is not civilisation. It is savagery, and savagery Oriental in its maleficent ferocity. That any Englishman should be the agent of the Congo in England and at the same time complain that his countrymen misunderstand his high and honourable motives is passing strange. For red rubber is not bananas. There is hardly a cubic inch of it which does not dumbly stand witness to atrocity. Let Sir Alfred Jones cut his connection with Leopold at once, and rehabilitate his good name in the estimation of his countrymen.

It is quaint how many failures in other occupations often betake themselves to the Church. Who knows but that some day we may find an ex-Clerk of the County Council, an ex-Official Receiver, an ex-Brewery Chairman, or even an ex-Public Trustee wagging his pow in a pulpit?

A story of a diocesan dinner tells how the bishop, a warm advocate of fresh air, found himself seated beneath an open window with the draughts playing about his episcopal pate. Rendered desperate by persistent sneezing, he at last called the waiter. "Waiter," he said, "will you kindly close the window above my head and open the one behind that young curate." Few people agree on the subject of ventilation in any particular place. The man with his face to the engine likes the window of the railway carriage shut; the man with his back to the engine prefers it open. In a warm room, most people like the windows open, and sometimes the door—providing the draughts blow on other people's heads. But, apparently, condemnation of the atmosphere of the New Bailey is unanimous. Even the prisoners catch a cold; and witnesses, barristers, solicitors, and judges agree that the patent "compressed air system" is pernicious. As the learned Muir put it the other day, heads are frozen while feet are boiled. If one is to be cooked, it is just as well to be cooked all

over alike. If the City Corporation do not wish to increase the rate of mortality, they should abolish the compressed air system and substitute one that is fresher at the feet and not so fresh at the head.

We have been reading in the papers of an "Animals' Hospital" at Westminster. Its methods do not seem to differ very much from those of hospitals for human beings. We see a picture of "an aged couple, who, being told that their pet cat, aged 19, would have to be destroyed, were very much affected," and another of a "monkey, who is now undergoing three weeks' solitary confinement for refractory conduct." As a matter of fact, in the picture the poor little monkey is seen to be seated on the knee of a horrible-looking surgeon. This is not precisely our idea of solitary confinement, but is probably intended as a more refined form of torture. The commentary upon the picture informs us that "imprisonment has been found to soften animals' bad tempers." Death and torture seem to be still the favourite prescriptions of hospital fiends.

Some foolish persons in British Guiana have discovered "a waterfall rivalling Niagara in height and worthy of ranking . . . as one of the greatest scenic treasures of the country." We quote this drivel from Reuter. It occurred to the discoverer that "this great Fall was worthy to carry a great name," so he tactfully proposed that it should be known as the "Chamberlain Fall." We should have thought that in the present condition of the right hon. gentleman's health, it were scarcely decent to perpetuate recent events in this way.

Our Yankee - German - Italian - Hungarian - Jewish cousins are ceasing to cant at last. On their new issue of ten dollar gold pieces they have left off the inscription "In God We Trust." Their Mint officials allege that there is no room for this pious wording. But surely the word "Trust" might be left—the only thing in which they do believe.

We have often thought that, if it were not so uncomfortable, we should like to live in Ireland. There is a buoyant, jovial exuberance about the people, and they have a genius for doing the unexpected. If we ever do make up our mind to migrate there, we think we shall take up our residence on one of the islands off the coast of Donegal. It appears that they have not paid rates for about twenty years, and the last time a Collector showed his face, the boatmen refused to take him back to the mainland until he had promised to give up the idea of ever collecting rates again. Unless something can be done to check the rapacity of public bodies in this country, we imagine that many people will soon succumb to the attraction of these unfortunate islands.

We referred last week to certain defects in our telephone system. There are two other points to which we should like to call attention. One of them is sanitary, or, rather, insanitary. Take first the filthy state of many of the receivers. This evil is especially noticeable at the London railway stations. The other day we extracted several ounces of dust, some stray pieces of sandwich, and a whisker or two, from one of the London Bridge receivers. Unfortunately we could not remove the odour of stale gin and sanctity that suffused the whole box, and threatened to asphyxiate us where we stood. It were too much, perhaps, to suggest that the telephone authorities should instal fans in these microbe-breeding grounds of theirs, but they might very well emulate the intelligent method of a Tottenham Court Road tradesman, who cleans his public receiver daily with a disinfecting fluid. Presumably, someone has to inspect and test these 'phones from time to time; surely he might also cleanse them now and then.

Again, the ladies at the exchanges, especially those in outlying districts, seem to be curiously negligent or strangely deaf at times. A convenient deafness may be useful now and then in a telephone girl, but it should be rigorously dispensed with for several seconds after she has told you to "put your money in." Some time ago we had a disagreeable experience arising out of the temporary carelessness of an exchange operator. We were stranded at a suburban station, and asked for the 'phone. There was none in the station (although this is said to be the twentieth century), but there was one at a neighbouring laundry. The lady in charge of the establishment had no coppers, nor had we; so we returned to the station and changed a threepenny bit, for a paper and twopence. In due course we put our money in, but the Venus at headquarters only heard one of the pennies drop, and she held us up sufficiently long arguing the matter to make us lose our train. The laundry lady was sympathetic, but—such things should not occur.

It is curious how sensitive men are about the things that don't matter. M. Pasics, the Servian Premier—an associate of murderers, the gentleman under whose auspices a gallant soldier was recently done to death in a Servian prison—is prosecuting an editor for insinuating that his grammar might be improved. When Palmer, the Rugeley murderer, was on trial for his life, the police-constable who arrested him, on giving evidence, said that Palmer used the words "I were." Promptly Palmer interrupted, "My lord, I said 'I was.'" Mr. Palmer's grammar was pronounced immaculate, but, nevertheless, he was hanged. We hope that M. Pasics will also clear his grammatical reputation in court.

The Censorship of the L.C.C. gets worse and worse. Would not good old Tom Hughes have laughed heartily if he had heard that a solemn committee of nincompoops had pronounced "Tom Brown" unfit for schoolboy reading? We can understand the Council placing "The Mill on the Floss" on their black-list. Probably they thought that it is concerned with prize-fighting. But dear old "Tom Brown"! It was drink which sealed his doom. The characters in it actually drink bottled beer, and even rum punch. Of course these references to unknown liquids must demoralise little Londoners, who never see a public-house, and never fetch their fathers' dinner beer. The L.C.C. ought to get all their prize books from that American firm of publishers who covered themselves with glory by producing a "Temperance Pickwick."

The following is an extract from the *Journal Official de la République Française*: "M. Peyrinet is appointed chief potato-peeler and vegetable-cleaner at the National Asylum for Convalescents." That is the sort of paragraph to fire the ambition of youth. Probably by the time we have an official organ of the kind we may read: "Mr. Stewart (on resignation of his post as Public Trustee) to be head bottle-washer at the London County Council Asylum."

So we were right about those Fifth Lancers. It is now officially announced that they were not considered suitable to retain their cavalry position, but that their services "can and will be utilised in other directions." JOHN BULL was absolutely the only journal to give the true explanation of the matter when the officers in question were placed on half-pay.

There is considerable feeling in the electrical and engineering world over the monopoly granted to Marconi. It is alleged that his system has completely failed, and that the monopoly stands in the way of the commercial development of wireless telegraphy. We hope to deal fully with the matter at an early date.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

AWARD No. 456.

For stating that "there was a vehicle going both ways,"
THE MORNING POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 457.

For announcing the birth of a doctor, "aged 52 years,"
THE HERTFORDSHIRE NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 458.

For advertising a coat as "the smallest and best value to be obtained,"
R. W. & I. PUDDICOMBE (of Woodford)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 459.

For stating that the attendance at a football match was 32,000.
THE MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 460.

For saying that Miss Lena Ashwell has "arranged to give matinees at Birmingham, Richmond, and Cardiff on Thursday"
THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 461.

For inserting the following announcement of a birth, "TILBURY.—November 11th, at 12, Albert Street, High Wycombe, by the Rev. R. Chilton, Francis John Odell,"
THE SOUTH BUCKS FREE PRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 462.

For stating that one of their converts, who is an engine driver, once had half a ton of coals shot upon him, but that "he came out smiling,"
THE SALVATION ARMY LOCAL OFFICER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 463.

For offering to "make good all bad eggs,"
A YARMOUTH TRADESMAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 464.

For stating that "with the scores level, St. Ives nearly equalised,"
THE FOOTBALL HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 465.

For stating that dreams may be stopped by taking an hour's reading before going to rest,
E. M. MURRAY MORGAN (of Richmond Hill)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 466.

For displaying in his shop window a skull labelled "skull of a soldier—a grenadier who fell at Crecy under the Duke of Wellington,"
MR. T. WALLIS-ROGERS (Phrenologist)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 467.

For stating, when giving evidence against a prisoner, that "he was discharged from the Army for fighting,"
A POLICEMAN AT THE WILLEDEN COURT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 468.

For stating that in the event of the whole of the members of the A.S.R.S. going out on strike the National Free Labour Association could have filled their places in forty-eight hours,
MR. GEORGE WARD (of Manchester)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

If so, What is your Number?

SEE PAGE 1.

JOHN BULL'S NEWEST THEOLOGY.—VI.

By ENQUIRER.

THE BIBLE ON SPORT.

The kill-joy type of pseudo-Christian has long frowned on Sport, amongst other good things. But his attitude is totally at variance with the teaching of the Bible, which distinctly approves of healthy, honest sport. Indeed, Scripture is particularly interesting on some popular branches of sport which we now propose to examine.

THE BIBLE AND FOOT RACES.

The Bible dignifies this form of sport with many complimentary allusions. It devotes a big portion of the 18th chapter of 2 Samuel to the graphic description of an actual historic example of competitive running. In the 19th verse, we find Joab about to send home news of battle. "Then said Ahimaaz, Let me now run and bear the king tidings. . . . And Joab said, Thou shalt not bear tidings this day but another day. . . . Then said Joab to Cush, Go tell the king what thou hast seen. And Cush bowed himself . . . and ran." But Ahimaaz is just a wee bit jealous of Cush's job, and pertinaciously anxious to be allowed to run too. Now Joab, of all men, was bound to be a good judge of runners and running, for, as a matter of fact, he had won his position as Commander-in-Chief of David's army by his fleetness of foot in a very stern obstacle-race (see 2 Samuel v. 8, and 1 Chron. xi. 4-6). Running, indeed, was a strong point in Joab's family, for his own brother Asahel (killed some time previously) had been "as light of foot as a wild roe" (2 Samuel ii. 18), so it was certainly not want of knowledge as to Ahimaaz's running capabilities that led Joab to pass him over as his courier. But listen to their argument. "Then said Ahimaaz . . . yet again to Joab, But howsoever, let me I pray thee, also run after Cush. And Joab said, Wherefore wilt thou run, my son, seeing that thou hast no tidings ready?" But Ahimaaz doesn't seem to care whether he gets an official dispatch to carry or not. He wants to run against Cush, and simply clamours on, "But howsoever . . . let me run." By this time, Joab doubtless thinks his chosen messenger Cush has sufficient start to enable him to get in before Ahimaaz. "And he said unto him, Run."

Now for the race. "Then Ahimaaz ran by the way of the plain, and over-ran Cush . . . and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate . . . and looked, and beheld a man running alone . . . and he came apace, and drew near. And the watchman saw another man running; and . . . called . . . Behold another man running alone. Methinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz." Clearly the young priest was a well-known and popular runner when his very mannerisms were thus recognizable in the distance. "And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings." Here one obtains a glimpse of that curious belief in mascots which apparently held sway then as now. "And Ahimaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. . . ." And though Cush's belated arrival somewhat modified the optimism of Ahimaaz, he had at least the credit of bringing in the good portion of the news first, which was something, and of giving a start and a beating to his rival Cush, which was probably something more. A considerable portion of Holy Writ is thus devoted to the description of a foot-race, between two good men and true. From this alone we might surely take the Scriptural attitude towards this form of sport as being a distinctly favourable one. But we have many other proofs in the same direction. Divine assistance to run strongly against horses, through a tempest, was granted to the aged prophet Elijah. "Ahab rode . . . to Jezreel. And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah, and he . . . ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel." (1 Kings xviii. 45 and 46.) Isaiah prophesies that "they that wait upon the Lord . . . shall run, and not be weary." (Isaiah xl. 31.) David sings of the glory of God being declared by the sun "which . . . rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." (Psalm xix. 1 and 5.) Paul frequently compares the Christian life to a foot race. "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain. I therefore so run. . . ." (1 Corinthians ix. 24 and 26); "Ye did run well" (Galatians v. 7); "I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain" (Philippians ii. 16).

THE BIBLE AND WRESTLING.

The sport of wrestling also gets its measure of Bible support. Moses, who, we read, "was very meek, above

all men which were upon the face of the earth," was an adept in the science. More than once we find him prevailing in personal encounter with no mention of weapons.

His great prowess in this branch of physical culture was exemplified against the cruel taskmaster who was oppressing the Hebrew slave, and against an indefinite number of churlish shepherds who were wont to drive the Midianitish Priest's daughters from the watering-troughs. (See Exodus ii. 11 to 22.) Indirectly these wrestling bouts, undertaken in defence of the weak, led up to the appointment of Moses as the agent for the deliverance of Israel from slavery. But we have an even more pointed instance of Divine approbation of wrestling in the 32nd chapter of Genesis. Beginning at the 24th verse, we read: "Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and . . . Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled. . . . And he (Jacob's opponent) said, Let me go . . . and he said, I will not let thee go. . . . And he said . . . thou hast power with God . . . and hast prevailed."

THE BIBLE AND HUNTING.

Regarding the Biblical attitude towards hunting, our task is a very simple one. By the Mosaic Law it was expressly permitted, subject, in the case of the Israelites, to certain ceremonial observances. In Leviticus xvii. 13, we read: "Whatsoever man . . . among you, which hunteth and catcheth any beast or fowl that may be eaten; he shall even pour out the blood thereof," &c. "Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the field" (Genesis xxv. 27), and although he frittered away his birthright, through over-indulgence in his hobby—perhaps, there is no reflection made on the sport itself. Indeed, his character seems to have been that of a true sportsman, noble, hearty, and forgiving. And what could be more explicit, as regards Scriptural approbation of the sport, than Genesis x. 8 and 9—"Nimrod was a mighty hunter before the Lord." We even obtain a favourable reference to fox-hunting in particular from Solomon, who says, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines." (Canticles ii. 15.)

THE BIBLE AND HORSE-RACING.

To cheer the editor up a bit, we may even dig up a few patronising remarks concerning horse-racing. "Some trust . . . in horses," says David in Psalm xx. 7, but, in Psalm xxxiii. 17, we are duly cautioned as to the possible result—"An horse is a vain thing for safety." To this sentiment all who backed the horse "John Bull" in the last Derby must surely subscribe. The idea of horse-racing in deadly earnest is vividly pictured by Isaiah (xxx. 16). "Ye said . . . We will flee upon horses; we will ride upon the swift; therefore shall they that pursue you be swift." The kings of Israel were forbidden by the law of Moses to "multiply horses" to themselves (Deuteronomy xvii. 16), as in the next verse to "multiply wives . . . and gold." (We say they were *forbidden*, not that they didn't do it, as witness Solomon "multiplying" all three, without a blush, apparently.) But the Mosaic limitation was designed to keep the Israelites from using horses in war, not against using them in the arts of peace, amongst which horse-racing must be classified. The symbolism of horse-racing is freely used throughout Scripture, without adverse comment. The Lord Himself, in emphasising the speed of the ostrich (Job xxxix. 13-18), alludes to "the horse and his rider" by way of comparison. And this must be the race-horse, for it is on a point of relative speed. The magnificent description of the war-horse which follows is a separate argument. There is a distinct flavour of the gentleman-jockey in Ezekiel's reference to "desirable young men . . . riding upon horses" (Ezekiel xxiii. 23); and Amos shows some knowledge of what constitutes a proper race-course when he puts his sarcastic query, "Shall horses run upon the rock?" (Amos vi. 12.) But, you may say, all these allusions, and many others which we might cite, do not specifically favour, any more than deprecate, the sport of kings. Well, there was at least one man, who stood in high favour with God, whose most remembered characteristic was his fast horsemanship. That man was King (previously Captain) Jehu, who seemingly made a point of "passing everything" with his chariot—the chief method of horse-racing in those days. "The driving is like the driving of Jehu, for he driveth furiously" (2 Kings ix. 20, and compare with x. 30). Thus much, then, for horse-racing.

TRADESMEN.

By JIM CROW.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

We hear a great deal nowadays about the claims of the middle classes to be considered. Of course we have already been told that they are the backbone of the country. Now it appears that they are oppressed by the aristocracy, and threatened by the democracy. So they are beginning to organise themselves and to assert their right to dominate everybody. As a matter of fact, they have dominated the country ever since the Reform Bill, and they are just as dangerous as any other class if given supreme control.

GREED.

Let us consider what tradesmen want and how the gratification of their wants would affect the community. To begin with, the main interest of a tradesman is to make money, whereas the object of other classes is to obtain power. The great territorial magnate aspires to the kind of power which belonged to mediæval monarchs, while working-class agitators put forward still more dangerous claims similar to those of the citizens of the French revolution. I am an opponent of tyranny in any form, but I must confess that I prefer the tyranny of the man with ideas to that of the man whose only ambition it is to put money in his purse.

VANITY.

What other ambition does your modern tradesman possess? No doubt he likes to be mentioned in the local paper as "a merchant prince," to secure mild notoriety on the Borough Council or the Board of Guardians, and if possible to wear a gold chain of office round his neck. But the chief delight about any such honours is to be found in their usefulness as an advertisement. Just as a clever, pushing tradesman is always ready to expend time and money in announcing his wares, he is no less pleased if he can secure the same object by expending them on his personal aggrandisement. Thus a man who thinks nothing of spending a hundred thousand pounds on advertising carpets may find it far more profitable to spend ten thousand pounds in entertaining foreign potentates as Lord Mayor of London. Or the local baker, who might never be heard of if he were content to puff his wares in the local press, becomes not only a public personage, but a favourite purveyor so soon as he secures the official recognition of a body of voters. Moreover, if he be very generous with public money, he can probably command the custom of all those who benefit by his policy.

TRICKS OF TRADE.

I should like to submit the psychology of the modern British tradesman to Lombroso or Nordau or some other student of abnormal minds. He has a good deal of the Pharisee about him—he makes long prayers and says long graces and talks through his nose, and sniffs at everything he cannot understand. But he is usually a thief and a liar. He will palm off utter rubbish upon you if you give him the faintest chance. He will put sand in your sugar or water in your milk, he will sell you Australian horse as prime British beefsteak, he will give you short weight, he will pour eighteen sacks of coal into your cellar and charge you for twenty, he will put the wrong labels on wine bottles—in fact there are few tricks he will shrink from so long as there is small risk of detection. He will also assume absolute knowledge in cases when he is perfectly aware that he possesses none at all. Ask him if he can put up a new range or a new kind of wall paper, whose very existence he has never heard of, and he will tell you that he has been used to them for years or even that he put them on the market. But the only result will be that he will send you in a long bill and destroy most of your materials. Then you will probably employ somebody else who will probably repeat the same disastrous operation. In any case, unless you know what you are about, you will have to pay two or three times over for the same job.

JEALOUSY.

He is not only dishonest towards his employers, but shamefully dishonourable towards his colleagues. Take a house in a new neighbourhood, if you doubt my word. At the outset you will be pestered by every tradesman in the place to accord your custom. Once you have accorded it, a great campaign will be inaugurated by all the rivals of the fortunate one. Attempts will be made to bribe your servant to tell you that your meat and

groceries are bad and that you must deal elsewhere. Emissaries may even be sent in the small hours of the morning to water the milk of a rival outside your back door. There is no trick, however disreputable, which may not be adopted without a blush.

BILLS AND DUNS.

Then take the question of credit. Some people will be inundated with offers of it, and they will have the utmost difficulty in obtaining a bill, because the longer it remains outstanding the more difficult it will be to control. If you are foolish enough to run an account and also to pay for some things ready money, you may be pretty sure that everything will go down, and, unless you are very careful to file your receipts, you will be made to pay your bill several times over. On the other hand, perfectly solvent persons may be either refused credit or harassed for payment long before their credit has expired. It seems as though tradesmen had no sense of proportion. They either alienate their best customers by excessive caution, or else they make bad debts by neglecting the most obvious precautions. Of course they prefer a credit system because it enables them to overcharge, and because people who have an occasional difficulty about regular payments hesitate to dispute doubtful items.

BULLIES.

But a tradesman usually shrinks from the consequences of the credit system and refuses to accept the natural percentage of bad debts. He will give credit in the most reckless manner to a stranger and then expect the law to come to his rescue. If a loss is threatened owing to his neglect of precautions, he will demand the imprisonment of his victims. It is owing to the tradesman class that the pernicious system of imprisonment for debt still survives. And the tradesman cannot be taught to remember that, if no credit were given, there would be no debt, and consequently no pretext for imprisonment. He also forgets that, in nearly every case, his profits and percentages are largely in excess of those of the greediest money-lenders, whom he would be the first to denounce as harsh and unconscionable.

FOOLS.

It is a standing puzzle to me how the modern British tradesman contrives to exist. I suppose there never was and never will be any person quite so stupid. It takes him ages and ages to become acquainted with any improvement or attractive novelty. Instead of seizing upon such a thing at once, he waits until the public demand becomes irresistible, and even then he struggles against it to the last. He seems almost to take a pride in filling his shop with the very worst wares in the market. This is particularly the case in country towns, and the shops there are just about as attractive and business-like and modern as they were in that horrible crinoline period which is known as the "early Victorian." No wonder that people who live in the country are obliged to abandon all benevolent intentions of encouraging local industry and prefer to send their orders to the great stores in London, which are run on common-sense lines. If it were not for their existence, we should almost be driven to join the Socialists and cry for municipal shops.

LAZY DOGS.

Scarcely any British tradesman has any idea of dressing his shop window in a tempting way. You never see anything to attract your eye while you walk along the streets, and, if you want to spend your money, you have to think of your requirements for yourself. Even then you run a serious risk of disappointment, for the shopkeeper will very likely be unable to find what you want. Everything behind his counter is in a state of dust and confusion. His books are in a condition of chaos, which would scarcely be pardonable in a child of ten or even in a Tariff Reformer. The consequence is that, whenever you make a purchase, you run a grave risk of being charged twice over or else not at all, which is, of course, still more unpleasant. The wretch cannot even add up correctly. He will do anything to save himself trouble, and his memory is a disgrace to the human race. If you trust him to send anything to your house, the odds are it will never reach you, particularly if you are in urgent need of it.

Now, then, I hope I have added another powerful and numerous body of enemies to those I have already called into existence. Any fool can choose his friends, but it needs a genius like myself to make good enemies.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

PANTOMIME, PAST AND PRESENT.

The so-called Christmas pantomime of to-day is as strange a departure from its original types of the ancient Harlequin and the art of eloquent gesture as the modern problem play is from the old "Mysteries" of the Church. That quaint historian Dutton Cooke once declared that "what is called legitimate drama has always found in pantomime just such a rival and a relative as Gloucester's lawfully-begotten son Edgar was troubled with in the person of his base-born brother Edmund!" Be that as it may, the great-great-grandfathers of the twentieth century pantomime would have been very much surprised, and might have been a little troubled, had they been able to foresee to what passes "pantomime" would be reduced, or elevated—it depends on the point of view—in the course of years. Although Shakespeare, like other actor-managers before and since, failed to appreciate the virtues of pantomime—that pantomime of which Jane May, Severin (now at the Palace), and other fine exponents still survive—and denounced it as "inexplicable dumb shows," genuine pantomime, in the hands of a great performer, has been always and must remain ever on a high artistic plane. I do not know that I can say as much for the pantomime that now fills a number of our theatres at Christmastide.

THE FUNNY MAN.

Certainly I find some of the funny men in women's clothes less entertaining than they are intended to be, and almost as shocking, if not quite so indelicate, as that old form of the same thing which was enacted (so say the authorities) in 1607. Then "Adam and Eve in bare action under the figge tree drew most of the gentlemen." Possibly many of the "gentlemen" of the present day would be drawn to a similar entertainment, were the Censor willing and any manager sufficiently enterprising to try it. I reason thus by a scientific process known as logical deduction from ascertained facts. After all, lots of people went to see the Living Pictures; and I have known musical comedies to succeed simply because large numbers of modern young Adams liked to go and meditate on the beautiful figures of a carefully-selected collection of up-to-date Eves, to whose attire even a fig leaf would have made a notable addition.

THE COMIC AND THE CROWD.

As I believe I have mentioned before, the world changes very little indeed with the passing of centuries. In Rome they had the first popular comedian who was pulled up by a management for "talking back" at the audience. His name was Pylades—he was the Robey-Lauder of his day in drawing power, and he "pointed out with his finger at a spectator who had offended him." Artistes were given less rope in those days; and Pylades was banished. When new taxes were to be imposed upon the Romans, however, Augustus used to fetch Pylades back for a special week, and get him to play the fool and make them laugh while the income-tax man went through their pockets. I commend the idea to Mr. Asquith and the Tariff Reformers, although, to tell the truth, I do not know any modern humorist likely to reconcile me to an added impost exceeding the price of a ticket to the pit—much less to the Little Loaf as pictured by the *Daily News*.

VARIOUS HARLEQUINS.

The origin of pantomime is "wropt in mistry"; but Harlequin seems to have come from Italy, and to have played with mythology as the more recent Neapolitan plays with microbes. Harlequin was in Addison's time very much like many comic characters of later days. "Made up of blunders and absurdities—he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, and to run his head against any post that appears in his way." I will warrant to find a thousand lions comique doing these very things with great success at this year's suburban and provincial pantomimes; or variants upon them—falling over imaginary pins, simulating sea-sickness in masterly fashion, and otherwise justifying their claim to mother wit and unquestionable originality. I do not blame these funny men for not being funnier and fresher than they are. It is difficult to be funny in a new way: it becomes increasingly hard every year. Steele, in the *Tatler*, praised a great pantomimist of his period with considerable warmth: a pantomimist who wore the mask of a black cat. So highly was the genius of this man esteemed that he was asked to appear without the mask, so that the public might see his genius bulging through his expressive features. Instead, they saw only a silly face void of inspiration; and wisely the pantomimist returned to his mask.

GENIUS AND ITS HELPMATES.

I amuse myself sometimes at our best theatres watching our best comedian in our best plays, and wondering how much of the effect produced is Willie Clarkson, how much

Telbin, how much Comelli (or some other famous clothes-man), how much the electric light company, and how much the simple Actor. So at the pantomime: Would Mr. Simon Snooks as the Dame be half so diverting without a troublesome peacock's feather in his bonnet, his dress on hind-before, and his underlinen showing spasmodically? Would Mr. Tim O'Hara as the Pirate King impress me quite so deeply minus his green whiskers, his ill-fitting wig, and his aniline-tinted nose? After all, if you come to think of it, Genius in any walk of life depends very much on his background, his manager, and the friendly Press for those astonishing qualities which the mob pay him a low comedian's or a high minister's salary for allowing them to marvel at. Only now and then does a really great man develop a really great idea, on the stage or off: such a great idea as Grimaldi's, for example, of adding to the traditional dress of Pierrot those weird spots, stars, and patches that have constituted the accepted garb of Mr. Clown for a hundred years in that Harlequinade (which, on its comic side, was mostly of Grimaldi's invention, too) that has been almost entirely vanquished from the Christmas stage by inanities far less pleasing, and utterly undistinguished by that divine spark which Grimaldi undoubtedly had.

THE IMPORTED PANTO.

Christopher Rich may be said to have acclimatised the Harlequinade in England; he it was who established pantomime in general favour at Drury Lane and Covent Garden in the middle of the eighteenth century. Since then the form of the show has varied; and within living memory it has tended to become less pantomimic and fairy-like, more elaborate and music-hally, albeit upwards of a hundred years ago it was already marked by "new scenery, decorations, and flyings." The curious stage animals, with wicker-ware skeletons, that linger on—and I hope will linger always, for they have been among the few consolations left to simple childhood in the Yule-tide shows of recent years—are as old as the Morris dancers of the early English festivals; and the pantomime donkey—whose hind-quarters were once interviewed by myself at a midnight coffee-stall to my deep bewilderment—was imported from Paris, where he was born sometime prior to 1682. Nowadays, I am told, many legitimate actors would rather starve than appear in pantomime: which shows either that the actors of the present are greater snobs than the actors of the past, or do not know the history of their own profession. For their great god, Henry Irving himself, once played the Wicked Fairy Vencema in panto.; and I am convinced that it must have been one of his finest achievements. Again, Wilson Barrett, who (his faults admitted) was as good an actor as here and there one of those he has left behind, appeared in his early years as Harlequin for a pound a week; whilst Kean also was among the noted Harlequins of his brief hour.

THE PANTO. PREMIERE.

For the benefit of those who may imagine that I do not enjoy the "tween-cent." pantomime because I prefer its older forms (perhaps because I saw them when I was younger), let me make myself plain. I enjoy nothing that I see at the London theatres during the year (and I see everything to be seen) more than the first night of the pantomime at Old Drury. The audience no less than the programme is unique, like English roast beef and turkey, English plum-pudding, English beer, and English girls. I shall be there this year, as I have been at every Lane première when in London for fifteen years past. If I don't go, from any cause, I lose count of my age; an error that has its palliations, but is prolific of inconvenience. This year there will be the Lyceum and the Adelphi to go to as well; and the suburban shows promise exceptionally.

THE XMAS LIST.

The principal Christmas programmes in Central and Greater London will be as follows: Drury Lane, "The Babes in the Wood," with Messrs. Walter Passmore, Harry Fragson, Lennox Pawle, Neil Kenyon, and Harrison Brockbank, and Misses Queenie Leighton, Marie George, and Madge Vincent. The Lyceum, "Robinson Crusoe," with Messrs. Ben Brown, John Coyle, and Edward Espinosa, and Misses Dorothy Craske (of the Empire), and Sybil Arundale. The Adelphi, "Aladdin," with Messrs. H. R. Morand, W. R. Percival, and Malcolm Scott, and Misses Happy Fanny Fields, Millie Legarde, and Sarah Vrubbell. The Camden, "Dick Whittington," with Mr. Harry Randall. The Coronet, "Humpty Dumpty"; the Kennington, "Cinderella"; the Fulham, "Robinson Crusoe"; the Hammer-smith King's, "Sindbad the Sailor"; the Peckham Crown, "Jack and the Beanstalk"; the Marlborough and the Elephant, "Little Red Riding Hood"; the Clapham Shakespeare, "Cinderella"; the Crystal Palace, "The Forty Thieves"; the Broadway (New Cross), "Mother Goose"; the Kingston County, "The Babes in the Wood."

Christmas Amusements.

Why not Perform one of
the Plays published by

THE JOHN DICKS PRESS, LTD.

Over 1,000 Penny
Comedies, Charades, Plays,
etc., for any number of persons to select
from.

*The Best and Most Interesting form of
Amusement for all Christmas Parties,
Pleases Everyone.*

~~~~~  
Send One Stamp for Full List to

(PLAY DEPT.)

**JOHN DICKS PRESS,**

**Ltd.,**  
Effingham House, Arundel St., Strand, London, W.C.

## AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

"The Spirit of Jacobite Loyalty." By W. G. Blaikie Murdoch. (Edinburgh: Brown. 1907. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Murdoch does not add very much to our historical knowledge, but he sums up the case for the Jacobites in a skilful way, disposing of the usual calumnies of Whig historians. He sets forth a sufficiency of quotations from well-known contemporary writers to prove that Prince Charles's followers were not a wild, undisciplined mob, but that many of them were persons of culture, and that they behaved throughout the campaign with generosity and humanity previously unknown in warfare. Indeed, it must have required qualities of a very high order to be a Jacobite at all. There was very little to gain and everything to lose. The only motives were personal devotion to a dynasty and hereditary belief in certain principles. Such motives have provoked ridicule from lying historians like Macaulay and snuffy scribblers like Leslie Stephen, but always appeal to persons of imagination and sentiment. After all, though the Jacobites may not have been practical opportunists with an eye to the main chance, they have, at any rate, inspired more poetry and romance than any other political party. According to their lights, they were patriots, and no one will deny that they were heroes.

Sir Walter Scott knew old men who had been out in the Forty-five, who could not speak of the Prince without tears in their eyes; and he tells of one, Hugh Chisholm, who, being in receipt of a pension to which Scott himself was a contributor, would never, when receiving his money, take it save with his left hand. Charles Edward had shaken hands with him in 1746, and therefore Chisholm would never allow his right hand to touch anything which might contaminate it.

Sir Archibald Primrose, of Dunipace, writing to his sister, said that he was to die "for my religion, my prince, and my country"; and added, "For each of these I wish I had a thousand lives to spend."

Mr. Murdoch approaches his subject with due reverence and a proper appreciation. I am only surprised that, when he mentions with pride that there were still a few Jacobites at the end of the eighteenth century, he should be apparently unaware of their existence at the demise of Victoria. Indeed, for all I know, there may still be some cherishing the old sentiments at the present moment, though, by the Canon Law, they are not justified in adhering to a House which has allowed a hundred years to elapse without a protest. He talks some nonsense about crazy scribblers like Swinburne and Pater, and dull drivellers like George Moore, who need not have been dragged into a serious book. But otherwise his enthusiasm is admirable.

"The Spanish Prisoner." By Philip Champion de Crespigny. (London: Eveleigh Nash. 1907. Price 6s.)

After plodding through fifty pages of this book, I was so utterly bored that I voted it hopeless to struggle any further. However, I happened to turn over some pages in the middle, and I at once became so much interested that I harked back and read the whole of the book with delight. It is really very clever and repays a persistent reader for the terrible drudgery at the outset. I can only compare it to a shop full of beautiful pictures with a number of daubs in the window to repel possible purchasers.

"Cautionary Tales for Children." By H. Belloc. (London: Nash. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Belloc is even more successful as a creator of children's books than he is as a statesman or an orator. The various verses, which he recites with his tongue in his cheek, may or may not be taken seriously in the nursery, but they are sure to delight children of more advanced years. We have the story of "Jim, who ran away from his Nurse, and was eaten by a Lion"; "Henry King, who chewed bits of string, and was early cut off in Dreadful Agonies"; and "Algernon, who played with a Loaded Gun, and, on missing his Sister, was reprimanded by his Father." But I think my favourite is "Matilda, who told Lies, and was Burned to Death."

Her Aunt, who, from her earliest youth,  
Had kept a strict regard for truth,  
Attempted to believe Matilda,  
The effort very nearly killed her.

One day, growing tired of play, Matilda went to the telephone and summoned the Fire Brigade. Not long after, there was a real fire and she called for help, but all in vain,—

For every time she shouted "Fire!"

They only answered "Little Liar!"

The illustrations are quite delightful, and reveal an exquisitely distorted sense of humour.

"The Stars Beyond." By Rosamond Langbridge. (London: Nash. 1907.)

The first chapter of this book, about a little girl and a Bishop, is quite funny in a mild way. "My Lord," she said, when nobody else was speaking, "what is your favourite whisky?" The Bishop answered awfully, "I have no favourite whisky, little girl." "I see," she said thoughtfully; "you are equally fond of them all." Her mother looked shocked, but the child exclaimed, "I was only thinking of things to talk about which would especially interest my Lord." Presently another subject cropped up.—

"So it's your birthday, little Verity?"

"Yes, my Lord," said Verity, trying not to repress a hopeful look.

"I must send my godchild a present, then," he said.

"Oh, my Lord," said Verity, in deprecating tones.

"What shall it be?" said the Bishop. "Have you a Testament, Verity?"

Verity became scarlet. The Bishop had given her three Bibles already. As she thought of the vast sums which went towards purchasing one of the Bishop's costly Testaments, the little girl's mind was so much distressed that she exclaimed, clasping her hands—

"For God's sake, my Lord, not another Bible."

Unfortunately the book does not bear out the promise of this chapter. The girl grows up to be silly and irritating beyond words, and I cannot imagine why anyone should have troubled to write about her.

## A FAMILY AFFAIR.

(No reference to the Public Trustee intended).

Ponsonby lolls in his office chair,

Mooning the hours away:

Freed of Necessity's cark and care,

Drawing a Government pay.

Why was he picked from out the throng

To handle the public "chink"?—

Somebody "passed the word along"—

Somebody "tipped the wink"!

Ponsonby comes to business late;

Comes in his motor-car;

Leaves at three, I regret to state,

Puffing a fine cigar.

How do you think he came to own

This pleasantly "easy thing"?—

Somebody whispered "behind the throne"—

Somebody "pulled the string."

Ponsonby, finding his nerves ajar,

Seeking the same to mend,

Lives like a lord at a foreign spa,

Several months on end.

Why does existence to such as he

Move with a motion "slick"?—

Somebody "squares the powers that be"—

Somebody "does the trick."

## L'ENVOI.

What is the moral of this affair—

Moral profoundly true?—

Relatives chosen with skill and care,

Skilfully care for You.

MARK LANE.

"THE FUTURE."—Mr. Crosland has broken out with a new paper called *The Future*. It costs 2d., and contains very few pages, but it contains some amusing as well as "rude remarks," especially about publishers "Potshots" make a cheerful feature, and we shall watch their development with interest. Meanwhile we wish our new contemporary a prosperous future.

## THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHLER.

## XXXVI.—MAN AND THE BOOKS.

I notice that Mr. H. G. Wells, one of the vast multitude given to the making of many books, has been casting reflections on the general usefulness of what are known to you, and me, and the old apple-woman, as the classics. This implies courage of a high order. A man who dares question the status of the classics in the modern universe would not be afraid to speak disrespectfully of the equator.

"What is the typist, the City clerk, or the self-educated working-man," Mr. Wells wants to know, "to make of Ben Jonson or the 'Faerie Queene'?" He has not the capacity to deal with these subjects. He asks for intellectual bread, and you give him a fossil. It is undoubtedly most impolite of Mr. Wells to imply that the intelligence of the typist, the City clerk, or the self-educated working-man, is so many fathoms below that of the average millionaire, the average novelist, or the average member of that rather alarming body whereat he lectured, namely, the Institute of Journalists. Canvass Park Lane, Fleet Street, and the country seats of novelists who have attained unto the glory of the fourpence ha'penny editions, and you shall find hardly one who can repeat off-hand a line sacred to any one of the plays of Ben Jonson or to any one of the stanzas of the "Faerie Queene." It is the cant of the alleged superior mind that the poorer, and therefore the lower, you are in the social scale the less you can possibly understand of the only books worth reading. "What do you think of Plato?" I once heard a dowager ask a lady who sat next to her in the stalls of a London theatre, *à propos*, so far as I could make out, of nothing which had gone before and nothing which came after. "Oh," was the glib reply, "I simply dote on him." If the good lady had been asked, she would have doted on Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, and the Bible just the same—only it is a million to one she would have put the Bible first.

It may be true that the typist, the City clerk, and the self-educated working-man do not understand the classics, but then the rest of the population are much in the same case. Further, I make the hazard that they would be little the better off if they did. I am painfully ignorant of most of the classics myself. I have rows and rows of them on shelves, some of them in the prettiest of pretty covers which have run to money, money down and by convenient instalments, but, given three meals a day and a garden, I could live without them for weeks, and months, and years. Millions of well-fed Britons are like me in that respect. It is not so much, perhaps, that they cannot understand the classics, as that they don't want to. Taking them in the lump, the classics are a dreary, over-rated lot.

Some time ago I read an article in one of the ha'penny papers revealing how they should be read. It appears that nobody with the sacred thirst of the higher literature within him can expect to appreciate them at the first try. They are physic you must take slowly. You must try them bit by bit, at intervals, and roll all the bits over and under and over your tongue time and time again till you get the right flavour. I have tried classics on this plan myself. The last one was a departed luminary of the name of Geoffrey Chaucer—him they call "the well of English undefiled." As all my life I have been trying to write English, but with indifferent success, it struck me that if I drank deeply at the well of English undefiled I might be able to manage somewhat. On nine successive evenings I took nine successive doses of the physic. I remember getting as far as—

Whoso telle a tale after a man,  
He most reherse, as neighe as ever he can,  
Everich word, if it be in his charge,  
All speke he never so rudely and so large,  
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewé,  
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.

Then I said to myself that Geoffrey might go hang. If he returned from wherever he happens to be now and tried to pass off that sort of thing in a London drawing-room as the well of English undefiled, somebody would be sure to remark, "Wot beastly awful wot, dontcherknow!"

That vast numbers of the classics are sold to this day, from sixpence ha'penny to any price you like, it is not possible to doubt. But to buy them is one thing; to read them is another. As a rule, the advertisements about them are more entertaining than the books themselves when you get them home. It is possible that some few people may read Chaucer, and Jonson, and Spenser, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Dante, and Goethe, but I have never caught anybody at it. If you know a house where these epoch-making works are on view, it is safe to say you will find them the dustiest in the row. It may be that I am among the heathen, but it is a matter of profound thankfulness to me that nobody writes classics nowadays.

## ENTERPRISE IN BUSINESS.

## STRIKING DEVELOPMENTS.

Enterprise in Business is not a new thing; but the systematisation of Business Knowledge, and of information as to the means by which Business may be fostered and extended, is an entirely modern development. In this development, the "Business Encyclopædia" has taken a striking part. The "Business Encyclopædia" fills a want that was becoming acute in the business world, since it enables the man who wishes to make headway in Business to undertake

## A Systematised Study

of business. The ambitious man cannot make himself proficient in Business knowledge, unless he possesses a detailed work dealing concisely with everything appertaining to Business. When it is pointed out that there are over 12,000 references in the Index of the "Business Encyclopædia," it will be granted that no detail relating to Business has been overlooked, and that every subject can be turned up with the greatest facility. In these days of fierce competition, when those men and those firms who have trusted too blindly to their own ability to "muddle through" are going surely to the wall, the motto of every man who makes headway in Business is:

## "Take Nothing for Granted."

The "Business Encyclopædia" is edited by Mr. W. S. M. Knight, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, assisted by a staff of commercial specialists. It provides expert opinion on the many doubtful points that come up in the course of the Business day, even of the experienced man of Business. The "Business Encyclopædia" is full of new Business ideas. It contains practical articles on Business building, Business methods and Business success, written by men who are at the top of the tree in the Business world. In this work they place the result of their experience at the disposal of practical men.

## To the Young Man.

The "Business Encyclopædia" is indispensable. All contrary opinions notwithstanding, the financial prospects for well-informed men were never so good as they are now. But the young man who rises is the one who, as well as having every detail of his work at his fingers' end, is always a point ahead.

In the "Business Encyclopædia" the ambitious man will find every detail relating to the hundreds of matters on which he wishes to inform himself in order to increase his value in the commercial market.

## THREE APPRECIATIONS.

## Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons.

"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is THE work par excellence for every business man to possess."

## A Tradesman's Opinion.

Messrs. W. Millwood and Son, Drapery and Grocery Stores, Swanage: "There is no doubt that the 'Business Encyclopædia' is the best work of its class yet produced. Every item in it is most valuable, and it is arranged in the simplest possible manner. No business man can afford to be without it in these days of keen competition."

## A Clerk's Opinion.

Mr. G. W. Read, Clerk, Fortnam-road, London, N.: "I never made a more gratifying purchase. I regard the 'Business Encyclopædia' as a most profitable investment, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

## A FREE BOOK.

We have prepared a handsomely illustrated book, "THE PRACTICAL BOOK," which will be sent to you free of charge, and which will show you how necessary the "BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA" is to YOUR success. And it will also tell you how to obtain the "BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA" for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance to be paid by a few small monthly instalments.

To the

CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "THE PRACTICAL BOOK."

J. 1312.

Name .....

(Send this form, or a post-card, mentioning this paper.)

Address .....

.....

## OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Goulds, Monte Carlo.

Sir and Madame,—I am not a great admirer of the French method, which is the Monaco method, of trial, but I cannot resist the conclusion that, methods notwithstanding, substantial justice has been done to you both.

Between you, you have committed a pitiless murder. Your victim, a woman, never did you a wrong in her life. You enticed her to your villa. You offered her wine in hospitality. While she was drinking you stunned her with a pestle, then stabbed her to death, robbed her, cut up her body, packed it in a trunk, and proceeded to "move out" of Monte Carlo with the object of hiding the evidence of your crime. It is not for me to attempt, with that glib art which distinguishes the forensic talent of Monsieur l'Avocat-Général, to make nice distinctions between the blows which were struck by you, madame, and the blows which were struck by your husband. Which of you used the little dagger and which the big one, which of you stifled the victim's cries while the other struck home, which of you gave the first blow and which the last—is of little moment to a plain Englishman accustomed to plain speech. The hands of both of you are crimson. Before the tribunal of high eternal justice you are equally guilty, and if I believed in taking eye for eye, and tooth for tooth, and life for life, I should say that your crime merited not merely the sentence, but the punishment of death. The world has no use for monsters such as you.

Happily, it is not I who am to be put to the strain of making choice between extinguishing you, madame, and mercifully permitting you to live. That detail will be settled by the high and puissant Prince Albert, and I think I may give your trembling soul this crumb of comfort—probably neither the guillotine nor the rope will touch your neck. Your drink-sodden husband is already saved. You can hope; but hope with this knowledge, madame, that if you two had committed your crime in this country, you would assuredly have died the death.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. W. Boustead, Vicar of Basingstoke.

Rev. Sir,—It is such men as you who have alienated, and are still alienating, the Church of the Establishment from the people. It is such as you, a vicar in spiritual charge of human souls, who discredit the Christianity you profess. It is such as you who insult the Maker you worship, who mock the Christ whose gospel you pretend to preach, and who widen the breach which keeps men apart from fraternity in a world which has vital need of tolerance and of charity.

I have read your letter to the Mayor of Basingstoke with amazement and disgust. It speaks for itself. It speaks also for you. It pillories you at the altar of your own church. It proclaims the kind of religion you preach from your pulpit—not as a living, vital message of love from God to Man, or even from Man to Man, but as a message of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

The Mayor desired to make an official visit to the parish church, but because, as a tolerant man, he had announced his intention—in deference to the views of many of his colleagues—of subsequently visiting one of the Nonconformist chapels, you practically shut him out of a church open to all, and wrote of his wishing to "degrade God's church to the level of the 350 man-made sects" and making a "mockery of religion and God's truth." Sir, it is you who make a mockery of religion. It is you who give the lie to God's truth, not he. Though you speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity you are become as sounding brass or a tinkling symbol. Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. I assume that you have read this before somewhere. It will do you no harm, however, to read it again.

My clerical friend, yours is not a religion at all. It is the caricature of a religion—an intolerant theology, granite-hard. If you held the keys of heaven, you would shut out everybody not of your own mean and miserable creed, just as you would shut them out of your parish church. Basingstoke must be ashamed of you. It would not surprise me if Basingstoke despised you. In all the town there cannot be one with the majestic faith of Galilee deep in his heart who could defend you. For myself, I leave you to your altar and your pulpit—and pity you.

JOHN BULL.

To Tommy Burns, Esq., National Sporting Club, Covent Garden.

My Dear Thomas,—I seem to know your name. Are you any relation to the Cabinet Minister, or to the late poet? Mr. John Burns, it is true, is still passing fair with either the knuckles or the gloves, and just think what it has brought him to. With your other namesake it was even worse. He committed poetry. Then take the case of that poor man who has just been gathered into the Clerkenwell Police Court. I've fought under Lord Roberts. I've served under Lord

Kitchener," he told the magistrate. "I think a lot of the Army, and I went to see Gunner Moir fight—and he lost—and I was so disheartened that I took too much to drink." It is an awful thing, Burns, to have the responsibility of driving a man to drink. Think of the *Daily News*!

I am wholly ignorant of your noble art. May I ask whether it hurts much? The reason of my inquiry is that when you beat Mr. Moir with a patent hook shot on the tip of the jaw, you at once assumed an extra special smile, while a spectator appears to have been so gratified that he took a diamond ring from his finger, thrust it into your gloved hand, and murmured, "Keep this, Tommy, in remembrance of this great day." I hear you are going to "take your wife and a few friends through France, Germany, and Italy, and thence to the Holy Land," out of the proceeds. Mr. Moir doubtless wishes you to Jericho.

Before you depart these shores, however, I am informed that you yearn for the glory of the British music hall, and that you are "asking" £300 a week for one show a night. I should make it "a monkey" while I was about it, if I were you. You are sure to be a great hit. The fact that we do not pay our Prime Ministers more than £100 a week for running the whole Empire, and that about £160 a week is our limit even in the case of a gentleman who sings comic songs, need not deter you for a moment. It is all a question of demand and supply. Any man can run the British Empire, but few can work that hook shot on the jaw. Remember me to Mrs. Burns. I hope you don't quarrel—at any rate, I hope you don't fight. That hook shot on the—but never mind. You have beaten the best man Free Trade England could produce, and have thus furnished us all with a striking lesson in the need for Protection.

JOHN BULL.

To La Belle, Maison de l'Entente, Paris.

Madame,—As I do not wish to contemplate the day when the world will be without a single Frenchman or Frenchwoman, I naturally view with some alarm the present condition of your vital statistics. True, you are getting married more often than usual, and I should have been inclined to regard this as a healthy sign if you were not also getting divorced more often as well, and bringing children into the world less often. Doubtless you will incline to retort that even in Puritan England we do a little in the divorcing line, and that if we do not do a great deal more it is no proof that we should not like to. Probably, also, you will say that the British trade in cradles and perambulators is by no means as brisk as it used to be. No doubt you are correct, dear madame. There is still a large number of British marriages made in heaven and unmade in the Divorce Court, and we have ceased to overcrowd the nursery.

But does that alter the fact that you are taking undue advantage of the circumstance that divorce in your great country is rather easy, and that your failure to produce babies is in alarming contrast to the rate at which the nation's manhood and womanhood is passing away? In this country we still get on with about 1,000 divorces a year; your average is about 8,000. Our births are still in excess of our deaths by nearly 400,000 a year; but in your country you are tending to die quicker than you begin to live. Madame, this is not good for a nation. It spells extinction. It indicates the absolute ruin of the *Entente Cordiale*, for when France is no longer on the map, and is become a barren and unpeopled waste, there will be nobody for us to be cordial with, and the Germans, adding to their population at the rate of 900,000 every year, will step across the frontier and drink lager beer in all your cafés. Take these things to heart as vital, madame, and do your best to "arrange according."

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Chas. Russell, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand.

Sir,—I read in a report of the recent case of *Hunt v. The Star Newspaper Company* that "his Lordship laid great stress on a letter written by Messrs. Russell and Co. on 18th March, stating that their client, Mr. Campbell, had 'no alternative but to take proceedings against the plaintiff, Mr. Hunt.' Mr. Campbell in the box denied that he ever gave instructions to justify such a letter. Mr. Justice Lawrence suggested that this letter might help them to test the credibility of witnesses on either side, for nothing could be more improper than that a solicitor should write such a letter without instructions—and, he added with significance, that nothing was more improbable than that 'a solicitor of high standing should write it.' He suggested that Mr. Campbell, being a barrister, was not 'anxious to commence legal proceedings on his own account.'"

The learned judge apparently considered that you were getting the unfortunate defendants to "pull the chestnuts out of the fire," and I would venture to suggest to you that the least you could do would be to pay half the £800 damages and costs awarded against them. JOHN BULL.

# A PEACEFUL INVASION.



The Kaiser: "I THINK, AFTER ALL, I'LL BE A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN."

## IN THE CITY.

## THE ALLSOPP CRISIS.

## A DISMAL STATE OF AFFAIRS.

We have neither space nor time to deal in this issue, in any detail, with the accounts just published by this Company. They require careful scrutiny and consideration. But it is obvious that our warnings to the shareholders to be prepared for the worst were fully justified. We shall have something to say next week to the Auditors in reference to their acquiescence in a form of Accounts which is absolutely misleading. For the moment, we simply call attention to their remarkable certificate:—

*"Subject to the remark that no provision has been made with regard to the depreciation of the business premises and plant, except in respect of the larger plant, and that no further provision has been made this year for depreciation of old loans, we are of opinion that the balance-sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the company's affairs, as shown by the books of the company."*

These words mean that the deficit of £72,794 for the year ended September 30th last, as shown upon the accounts, is only a portion of the actual deficit. They make no provision for the depreciation of the larger portion of the business premises and plant, and no provision for depreciation on old loans. The figures presented, therefore, bear little or no relation to the actual facts; but even if we take them as they stand, they disclose a most disturbing position.

The accounts presented immediately prior to those now under consideration covered a period of fifteen months, and showed a deficit of £65,100, or, roughly, at the rate of £52,000 per annum. The present accounts, covering twelve months, show a deficit of £72,800. Or to put it in another way, whilst the profits for the fifteen months included in the last accounts were £142,800, and the interest charges £207,900, the profits for the year now under review fell to £98,600, whilst the interest charges amount to £171,400, leaving a deficit upon the year of £72,800.

It is admitted by the directors that reconstruction is inevitable if the business is to be carried on, and the question for shareholders is whether the business is worth reconstruction; whether the nucleus is of the value that would warrant it. The answer to that question is not doubtful, provided only a clean sweep is made of the old gang. The Company has still an immense business, and it is not a shrinking business. On the contrary, the gross receipts last year were higher than they have been in any year since 1900, and they were within £46,000 of the highest figures touched, namely, in 1899. Contrasting last year's receipts with those of the previous fifteen months, the increase is very remarkable. For the fifteen months ending September 30th, 1906, these receipts amounted to £494,700. For the twelve months under review they were £522,800; but, whereas the net profits on the smaller gross receipts of the fifteen months were £142,800, on the larger receipts of the past twelve months they fell to £98,600. The interest charges show no substantial change, being £207,900 for the fifteen months and £171,400 for the twelve months. It is the establishment charges that have most to do with the present lamentable condition of the company. It is those charges which are altogether beyond the necessities of the company, and which are accounted for by the methods favoured by the Board, and which have been exposed by us in recent issues of this journal. No company, whether it be a huge company like Allsopp's, or some small private concern, can hope to earn dividends for its shareholders if the business is to be carried on as we have shown that this Allsopp's business is conducted, that is to say, by subordinating the

interests of the company to those of individuals. We are not suggesting that the whole of the trouble with which the shareholders have to reckon is due to indefensible practices on the part of those responsible for the conduct of the business, but we do say, without hesitation, that the outgoings are swollen enormously by the practices we have exposed, and, therefore, if there is to be a reconstruction, as there must be if the business is to go on, and the reconstructed company is to repair the losses, or some of them, incurred by the old concern, there must be a radical reorganisation of the whole administration.

## CANADA CONSOLIDATED.

## THE "HOUSE" V. THE PUBLIC.

As far back as July last we exposed the Canada Consolidated Company so effectively that there have since been no dealings in the shares on the Stock Exchange. We were the first British journal to announce the fact that the well-known Canadian names figuring in the Company's green-tinted prospectus-like document were being used without authority, and we were able to publish specific repudiations from Sir Henry Pellatt, Sir F. Borden, and Mr. H. J. Strathy. At that time the shares were freely dealt in at about 30s. The brokers acting for the promoters immediately our statement appeared promptly stopped all further business in the shares, and no one else has cared to make a price. The application for a special settlement in the shares was at that stage before the Stock Exchange Committee, and, after considerable discussion and many postponements, was eventually fixed three months ago for December 19. Now that that date is approaching, some of our contemporaries are waking up to the Canada Consolidated's existence, and some remarkable special pleading is appearing, with the object of inducing the Committee to defer the settlement.

We hope that these appeals will not succeed. When "a market is made" in shares through the Stock Exchange, and they are by this means unloaded on the public, we should welcome an occasional decision of the Committee against a settlement, but in this case the shares were placed—we believe to the extent of £26,000—direct for cash with investors up and down the country, the bait being that dealings were progressing on the Stock Exchange at three or four shillings for "Special" above the price at which the shares were offered for cash. Many who bought sold their shares back to the promoters for special settlement. We do not suppose that any members of the public bought for "Special," and, even if they did, would come to no harm if the settlement occurs, as there are no shares in the hands of the insiders for the purpose of delivery. The only effect of deferment or cancellation of the settlement will be leaving in the hands of the public shares paid for in cash which are mere waste-paper, and to relieve those members of the Stock Exchange who acted for the promoters from payment for the shares they bought. Special settlements usually favour the "House" against the public; in this instance the boot is on the other leg.

We can hardly imagine that for this reason the Stock Exchange Committee will make an exception from its usual policy. If it does, a serious blow will be thereby struck at the credit of the "House," and public confidence in the Committee will be grievously weakened.

## PREMIUM BONDS.

Referring to our reply of last week to a correspondent as to the value of these Bonds, it may be useful to direct attention to the French law bearing upon the question of price. As we said in our last issue, whilst we can see no advantage in buying these Bonds apart from the chances of the lottery, the main objection is that they are to a very considerable extent sold in this country by touting outside brokers upon the instalment system, and at prices which have little or no relation to those of the Market. The same thing has happened in France, but there the law, more careful of the small investor than it is in this country, has stepped in to supply such security as it is possible for the law to offer to ignorance or carelessness. In March, 1900, a law was passed in France, the principal provisions of which are as below:—

Art. I.—Every transfer or conveyance, whatever may be its form, agreed to be carried into effect pursuant to a private written agreement between the parties thereto, of securities quoted on the Bourse in consideration of a

An opportunity to earn from 25 per week upwards. Learn to write advertisements. Prospectus and list of employed students post free.—PAGE DAVIS ADVERTISING SCHOOL (Dept. 42), 125, Oxford Street, London, W.—ADVE.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos. 1 67 Westminster and 7765 Gerrard. Tele. Ad. "Stockwork," London.—ADVE.

purchase price payable at a future date either wholly or in part, shall be declared void upon the application of the purchaser, without prejudice to his right to claim damages, even should the contract be partially carried out, if it should contravene any one of the provisions of articles 2 and 3 hereinafter set out.

Art. II.—The document must be drawn up in duplicate and each (duplicate and original) must contain a statement to such effect. Each original must state clearly in words written in full and in plain terms:—(1) One of the quotations published by the Paris Bourse during the four days preceding the sale, and in default the last quotation published; (2) the number of each of the securities dealt with; (3) the exact price at which each of the securities is sold, including stamp duties and the cost of receiving payment by post or otherwise; (4) the rate of interest charged and the time allowed for the payment of the purchase price.

Art. III.—Fractional payments cannot be extended over more than a period of two years.

Art. IV.—The vendor must retain possession of the actual security sold by him. He must not part with nor pledge the same, and he must produce the document to the purchaser whenever requested so to do by the latter. Any stipulation to the contrary is void. . . .

If any of the provisions in Articles 1 or 2 are not complied with the purchaser not only has the right to claim to have his agreement cancelled, but even if he has paid several instalments he can obtain repayment and damages in addition. If a similar law were in force in England it would be impossible for the touting brokers to sell at the prices which, trading upon the ignorance of many of those who are attracted by the Bonds, they are at present able to obtain.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**RHODESIA LIMITED.**—R. M. (Sheffield).—We are obliged by your interesting letter, but you admit that the freight difficulty is a very serious obstacle to success.

**WILLIAM OWENS, LIMITED.**—TINES (Bernard Street).—We agree that the selling must have been considerable to knock the price down to under 13s., but we should hold on. We understand that the business is a very sound one.

**VARIOUS SHARES.**—GELD (Sheffield).—You have a poor lot. We should put no money into reconstruction schemes. Sell the shares you hold for what they will fetch, and write off the loss. **WELSH READER (Newport).**—(1) The position of the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., as shown by the figures just published, is a very strong one, but we are not at all certain that it is strengthened by the decision of the directors to apply the Reserve Fund, now invested in Consols, to the needs of the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co., Ltd., which may or may not prove to be a prosperous undertaking. Certainly, as the proposal stands, the holders of the Preference shares are seriously prejudiced. (2) Raphael Tuok Ordinary should be worth their present quotation, but we should prefer another selection. (3) We do not advise you to put money into the South American Railway you name, or to dabble in Union-Pacific. G. SHAWTON (Wakefield).—No. 1 is doing well, and its shares may be recommended. Have nothing to do with No. 3.

**LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.**—G. (Manchester).—So far as we can see, the passage in the contract note quoted by you upsets your contention. Anyway, your liability is clear. As to whether you could plead the Gaming Act, we express no opinion. We confess we have not much liking for people who dabble in Stock Exchange speculations with outside brokers, and when the market goes against them plead the Gaming Act.

**COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**—OLINDA (Northwood).—The head office is in Melbourne. The last quinquennial valuation was made on December 31st, 1904, by O.M. Table of Mortality, in combination with 3½ per cent. interest Reversionary Bonuses ranged from about 5s. to about 11s. per cent. per annum over the quinquennium. This Company does a large and increasing business.

**SAFE INVESTMENT.**—PERUVIAN (Cadroxton, Barry).—We should not go so far afield in search of debentures, but it is not easy to get debentures in prosperous Home undertakings giving 4½ to 5 per cent. interest.

**VALUE OF SHARES.**—CRITICISM (Birmingham).—We have your letter, but the fly-leaf to which you refer was not inside it.

**LISTS OF SHAREHOLDERS.**—J. S. T. (Oambergwell).—The information you want is to be got from Somerset House on payment of 1s.

**THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.**—M. (Shanklin).—We think not. Litigation is proceeding.

**AMERICAN MINING COMPANY.**—TUNNELLS (Swansea).—We have no doubt the reports show "Wonderful possibilities and probabilities," but in our opinion you would be very foolish to put any money into this or any other American wild-cat scheme.

**ROYAL MAIL DRIVERS.**—F. W. S. (Fulham).—There will be no difficulty in insuring with a reputable Accident Company against the risks to which your letter refers.

**WORLD WIDE INVESTMENT SYNDICATE.**—H. S. (Shrewsbury).—The language of the circular should convince you of its impudent character. According to Messrs. Dawson and Co., the money you deposit with them is absolutely safe and "dividends are payable monthly at the rate of 100 per cent. per annum." Surely your own common sense must tell you dividends at this rate and absolute safety are incompatible.

**G. H. DRUCE, LIMITED.**—B. H. F. (Quokfield).—Yes, we advise you to sell for what you can get.

**LONDON ASSOCIATION OF ACCOUNTANTS, LIMITED.**—T. D. (Oongleton).—We have no information on the point you raise.

**EAST FINANCIAL GOLD MINE.**—H. E. (Marlyebone).—No.

**MORTIMER AND CO., LIMITED.**—RAYNOR (Taunton).—We have no information respecting this Canadian concern.

**SHERBORO' SYNDICATE.**—SHERBORO' (Swansea).—We note that you have received what you call "a tempting offer" from Mr. John B. McKenzie, who describes himself as Stockbroker and Dealer, and who wants you to take some 6 per cent. debentures of £10 each in the Sherboro' Trading Syndicate, which, he says, are expected to reach a very high price. If you take our advice, you will have nothing to do with Mr. J. B. McKenzie and his Sherboro' Trading Syndicate debentures.

**PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.**—G. O. P. (Waterloo-ville).—We should be inclined, under the circumstances, to recommend the transfer. Anxious (Gateshead).—(1) The Company is financially strong. (2) The particulars you ask of us should be obtained from the Company itself, which is always ready to give full information.

**NATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.**—R. P. (Merthyr Tydfil).—We fear there is nothing for it but to pay the balance and get the Bond.

**MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY.**—D. F. (Newport).—We will do what we can when the occasion to which you refer arrives, but we must, of course, be guided by the facts. We regret that we cannot put you in the way of a suitable agency.

**ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.**—CAUTIONS (Manchester).—We should prefer another selection. A. G. E. (South Shields). **WARR (Islington).**—The answer to your question is in the negative. If you want Sickness and Accident Insurance, go to one of the well-established offices. NIX (Newcross).—We are receiving so many inquiries as to this Company that we think it may be convenient if we give one general reply, to which in future we shall refer inquiries. From such inquiries as we have been able to make we have arrived at the conclusion that the persons behind the Association are respectable and well meaning. The members of the Committee of Inspection are men holding responsible positions, and not at all likely to lend themselves to anything discreditable. But, in the Form of Proposal sent out by the Association, we find among the conditions to which the applicant has to agree one highly objectionable, because it is a dangerous one—we refer to No. 6, which runs:—"If at any time a drain is made on the Association, I agree to pay the levy called for by the management." This means that membership of the Association involves unlimited liability, and we cannot recommend any reader to incur the risk involved under this clause. We think the Controllers of the Institution would do well to consider whether it would be possible to do away with this unlimited liability.

**GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE AND LIFE CORPORATION.**—W. P. (Woolwich).—You have no occasion to be anxious either about the stability or the straightforwardness of this Company. It transacts both Fire and Accident and also Industrial business, and its business in all its branches is rapidly increasing.

**MOTOR COMPANY.**—W. P. (Abergavenny).—We are afraid that when the report does come it will be anything but satisfactory, but we do not see what you can do in the meantime.

**STOCK UNION.**—E. O. M. (Bowes Park).—We do not advise you to join. **STOCK EXCHANGE AND BANKING COMPANY.**—O. J. C. (Bridgwater).—We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising dealings. "SOMER" (Leeds).—We do not advise you, as a working man, to deal with this or any other firm. The few pounds you have should be kept in the Savings Bank for a rainy day.

**LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN BANK.**—M. Z. (London).—The bank is in a very strong position.

**NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.**—"ZUKUNFT."—We obtained satisfactory references about this firm, but cannot assume the responsibility of advising dealings.

**CHANCERY CROSS BANK AND JOHN BULL INVESTMENT TRUST.**—J. H. O. (Hebden Bridge).—There is a vast difference between the two institutions.

**INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.**—W. B. (Southend).—We must refer you to the very many unfavourable expressions of opinion upon this Syndicate to be found in previous issues of JOHN BULL.

**ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION.**—G. V. K.—The answer is in the negative.

**PREMIUM BONDS.**—G. H. (Warburton).—Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., would treat you fairly. O. F. (Dublin).—There is very little variation in the price. As to your other point, you should read what we say on the subject above. W. T. R. (Edinburgh).—The people you name would charge you more than the market price.

**INTERNATIONAL GOLD BONDS, LIMITED.**—A. W. C. (Kilburn).—We think your friend is giving you bad advice. We observe that it is said in the prospectus you send us that, as a result of careful investigation and confidential inquiries, it has been ascertained that "the business of various Trading Stamp Companies in the United Kingdom, especially within the last 10 years, has been uniformly successful and progressively prosperous." We question the accuracy of that statement, and, even if it were true, it would not prove that these Stamp Companies, brought over from America, are desirable concerns to be associated with.

**GENUINE LOTTERIES.**—F. M. (Yeovil).—(1) You speak of an enclosure, but we do not find one. (2) The firm you name are not members of the Stock Exchange.

**GOLDEN GRAIN BREAD COMPANY.**—W. H. S. (Rochester Row).—We entirely agree with what you say. The Company is defunct, but the shareholders ought to have been informed of what has been done with the assets, such as they were.

**SAFE DEPOSIT.**—TRADESMAN (Viaduct Street).—We should prefer the Birkbeck Bank.

**OUTSIDE BROKER.**—O. W. L. (Barrhead).—We have frequently advised our readers to throw any circulars they may receive from "Martin Bull" into the waste paper basket.

**BRITANNIC ASSURANCE CORPORATION.**—W. R. H. (Chard).—We are obliged to you for directing our attention to the compositor's error in the date of the foundation of the Company. It should, of course, have been 1895, not 1893. The total assets at the end of 1906 amounted to £1,793,396. We return your balance-sheet.

**PURCHASE OF HOUSE.**—JONES (Dowlais).—The Company you name is, we believe, a very respectable one. You might also be sure of good treatment if you went to the Perpetual Building Society, in New Bridge Street.

**MAXIM'S.**—D. O. (Reading).—What we said was that, in our opinion, the shares represented a promising speculative purchase.

**LOTTERY TICKETS.**—J. T. B. (Market Harborough).—Your experience is that of many others. You should have nothing to do with these lotteries. We have no doubt the tickets are genuine enough.

**SURETY FOR £100.**—CONSTANT READER (Ealing Common).—We know of no Society that would stand as surety for you for a loan of £100 without security. Do you think it reasonable?

**LONDON THEFT ASSOCIATION.**—L. W. A. (Kent).—We have no information respecting it.

**INVESTMENT OF SAVINGS.**—SPHERE (Clapham).—You could not do better, under the circumstances described, than deposit your money in the way suggested.

**INVESTMENT OF £150.**—PREPLEXED (Glasgow).—You would certainly not have invested your savings as you have done if you had followed advice given in these columns. We do not think it likely that there will be much early improvement in the price of any one of the three shares in which you have put your money. We should rather expect the contrary.

### The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5 % per annum

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3 | " | " | " | 6 | " | " | " |
| 6 | " | " | " | 7 | " | " | " |

## AMONG THE LAWYERS.

### MR. JUSTICE KEKEWICH'S SUCCESSOR.

What is the meaning of the delay in filling the vacancy created by the death of Mr. Justice Kekewich? The Courts are sitting, there are long lists of arrears, yet weeks pass and the vacancy continues. Probably rumour is right, and it is intended to appoint a Common Law Judge. That would seem to be the sensible thing to do, seeing that the Chancery Judges are well abreast of their work, whilst the Common Law Judges are hopelessly behind it. But if the appointment can be, and is to be, made, why not make it, Lord Chancellor? If there is to be no innovation, and a Chancery Judge is appointed, Mr. Eve, K.C., is thought to be the most likely man. He is a very able, and much respected and liked, lawyer, who should make an excellent Judge.

### A HARD CASE.

In our issue of November 17, 1906, we commented upon a case that had been tried in the Brompton County Court, where a motor driver sued for compensation for an accident caused by the starting handle of his motor failing to release itself automatically, with the result that the handle struck the plaintiff's arm and broke it badly. The jury found that the plaintiff was a manual labourer within the meaning of the Act and awarded him £50 damages. But the County Court Judge, whilst admitting that the plaintiff was employed in manual labour, did not consider that negligence had been proved, and added that he had only heard the jury's verdict "in order to save re-hearing of the case if a higher court sent it down again." We described the action of the Judge in compelling the plaintiff to go to the Court of Appeal as really monstrous. We added: "Probably the Appeal Court will give it (that is, redress) to him so far as it is in its power; but why should he be put to the worry and expense of going there? What right has the County Court Judge to over-ride a verdict because he differs from a jury as to whether there has been negligence or not? That is a matter for the jury, not for him."

We have now received a letter from the plaintiff in the case, which speaks for itself. Here it is:—

In your issue of JOHN BULL for November 17, 1906, you were kind enough to comment favourably on my behalf in reference to an action (*Legge v. London and District Motor Bus Co., Ltd.*) in which I was plaintiff. My solicitor (Mr. C. F. Appleton) took the case to the Divisional Court for me, but Mr. Justice Darling and Mr. Justice Lawrence dismissed the appeal. Mr. Appleton again took it further for me, and to-day I succeeded before the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Justice Kennedy and Lord Justice Buckley, in the Appeal Court. The appeal was allowed with costs in the County Court, Divisional Court, and Appeal Court, and so you were quite right when you said in your issue dated November 17, 1906: "What right has the County Court Judge to over-ride a verdict because he differs from the jury as to whether there has been negligence or not. That is a matter for the jury, not for him."

The Judges in the Appeal Court refused to grant a stay of the proceedings when asked by counsel for the omnibus company to do so.

We are, of course, delighted to know that our correspondent has at last got justice. But note the odds he has had to fight against and how impossible it would have been for a working man to win but for what seems to have been the generous help given to him by his solicitor. A man meets with a serious accident, he claims damages in the County Court, and the jury that hears the case gives them to him; but the County Court Judge, in flagrant violation of the law, reverses the verdict. He then appeals to the High Court, where his case comes before two of the weakest Judges on the Bench. They, by some mysterious intellectual process peculiar to themselves, arrive at the conclusion that the County Court Judge was right, and not until he has carried his case to the Court of Appeal, where the Judges know what they are about, can he get Justice done him.

### RECEIPTS FOR SHOP PURCHASES.

An interesting point as to the law as it bears upon receipts has been raised by a correspondent, who, having bought certain articles over the counter at a draper's shop for cash, was given an invoice in the ordinary way. The account was for over £2, and our correspondent directed the shopman's attention to the fact that in receipting the invoice he had not affixed a stamp. The reply of the shopman was that the firm did not put receipt stamps upon such bills, though in

this case, as a matter of courtesy, they did so. The facts were laid before the Somerset House officials, who informed our correspondent that they would be brought before the Board. The point was evidently carefully considered, and a week later our correspondent received the following letter from the Secretary:—

With reference to your letter of the 18th inst., I am directed by the Board of Inland Revenue to acquaint you that a Bill in the form of an ordinary shop invoice given in respect to a ready-money transaction, is not regarded as liable to Stamp Duty as a receipt, though given for a sum of £2 or upwards, provided that it does not appear in word or phrase such as "paid," "settled," or "received," signifying the payment of money.

The Board do not therefore consider that there has been any breach of the law by Messrs. — in the circumstances indicated.

This seems to mean that if the invoice is turned into a receipt the stamp has to be fixed, but so long as a customer is content with the puncture made by the cashier the penny stamp is not required. It is not easy to say why this evasion is permitted. Having regard to the enormous number of receipts of the kind given in the course of the year by the tradesmen of the country, it must mean a considerable loss of revenue, and the point may be commended to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as worthy of note in these hard times.

### IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

Referring to our recent note on this subject, a correspondent writes as follows:—

There was no doubt a report in one of the newspapers that Judge Willis had ordered the release of the man Corbett, but as another paper (I am not sure if it was not the same) afterwards collected money to procure his release, I apprehend that the reporter was mistaken or else that the Judge, after pronouncing the order for release, found that it was *ultra vires*. The creditor can, indeed, procure a release by signing an order for the purpose—for the imprisonment is for debt, not for contempt of Court—but he will seldom let go his grip as long as there is a chance that anyone will pay the ransom. He does not care where the money comes from, provided that he gets it. In fact, the letters which have appeared on the subject since the present movement commenced have led me to look on judgment-summoners as a much more grasping and unscrupulous class of men than I had previously regarded them.

An instance of the powerlessness of the Home Secretary has recently occurred. The debtor is treated as an offender in the second division. Recent rules enable an offender in that division to obtain a shortening of his imprisonment for good conduct. From this privilege debtors are excepted—doubtless because the Home Secretary thought that he had no power to shorten the sentence passed on a debtor by the Judge. The creditor alone can do that.

### GOOD TIMES FOR SHORTHAND WRITERS.

In our issue of November 23rd we had a paragraph headed "Good Times for Shorthand Writers," in which we pointed out how the Criminal Appeal Act, 1907, is likely to afford considerable additional employment for shorthand writers. We have since received various letters from writers who want to know how they may become official shorthand writers in the Courts. All such appointments have hitherto been drawn from the ranks of the members of the Institute of Shorthand Writers Practising in the Supreme Court of Judicature (Hon. Sec., Mr. A. I. Wright, 33, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.), but membership of this institution is restricted to persons who have served an apprenticeship of several years to a member. Candidates should therefore be of not more than, say, eighteen years of age, and be willing to give several years of their time for very little salary. In addition they should, of course, have special aptitude for shorthand, and write a speed of, say, not less than 140 words a minute, besides possessing a thoroughly sound constitution, because the work is exceedingly laborious. It is possible that, should it be found difficult to supply the demand for competent men created by the new Criminal Appeal Act, the rule requiring membership of the Institute may be relaxed, but the practical test imposed by that body of a day's work in Court, and the transcription of the notes then taken, will doubtless be retained.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**INCOME TAX (R. L., Bridgend).—**You are entitled to claim exemption from Income Tax as your income is below the minimum, and you can get back any tax paid on your house for a period of three years.

**NOTICE TO QUIT ("Macgregor").—**Unless you can prove the giving of the notice you are liable. It is not enough merely to post a notice unless there has been an agreement to accept service by post as sufficient.

## CHRISTMAS CARD SWEATING.

BY JAMES SHERLIKER.

I will call him Brown. Do you know him? He is a "good" man. He goes on Sunday to the church and moans out his "Amen!" like the holiest of us. And—a still greater recommendation to our regard—he lives in a mansion on the south side of the Thames. He is respected because he is rich. His name looms large on bazaar bills; he gives a little to hospitals, never uses bad language, and is a staunch upholder of the time-honoured custom of having daily matins and vespers in the home.

But the dearest thing about Brown is his business, or profession, as he likes to call it. It is the manufacture of Christmas cards. He deputed his man to show me over his place the other day. It is a miniature art gallery, and "Peace on earth and good will to men" overshadowed everything. You could see, too, "God bless our home" and "The Lord is in this house" peeping out of elegantly-painted holly-trees, and "Hail, Hosannas!" and "Good Cheers!" by the dozen. I came away feeling as "good" almost as Brown.

But I had a shock next day. I called on one of Brown's workwomen, a clever girl. She lives in a top-back room. Her father and mother are both dead, and when they were alive, she told me, they were both poor. But they were ambitious as well, and so was she, and she took to painting like a swan takes to swimming, and did it as well. One day she heard about Brown, and Brown heard about her, and being "good," Brown took her, figuratively speaking, to his arms. "I'll give you an opening," he said. "I'll show you how you can utilise your talent."

The girl is a nervous wreck. She works hard all the week for a sum which is just sufficient to keep want an inch or two on the farther side of the mat.

She paints a gross of Christmas cards every day, and does them up daintily with tissue paper between them, so that the paint which has not had time to dry will not be affected. She buys her colours herself, also the tissue paper, also the brushes. And if you want to see her you can find her in her top back room any hour between seven in the morning and midnight.

And so are Christmas cards produced. So do we get the cards which remind us of full and plenty, of peace on earth, of good will to our fellow creatures, of kindness and fairness, of all that is beautiful and grand, of the birth of the Redeemer, and the dawn of Christianity, and a helping hand, and a lot more things.

So it is that in this and other top back rooms in various parts of London real works of art are being turned out at this moment for starvation wages in order that Brown and the canting hypocrites of his kind may go on practising their hypocrisy. Some of the girls, by the way, work on celluloid cards. I have seen these celluloid cards lying about perilously near candles, and when I have remarked on the danger, the fair artist has laughed.

I do not mean to infer that every dealer in Christmas cards is a Brown, but at the same time I do not offer evidence to the contrary. You can see their victims shuffling into the shops with their designs. You can hear Brown telling them that he is afraid "This won't do, and that won't do, and this one needs a little touching up; but at any rate leave it, and I'll see what I can do with it." And he does see. He uses it. And when the girl timidly points out to him that she has seen her design in a shop, Brown smiles the smile which was patented years ago by his kind, and reminds her that there are other artists and other dealers.

Talent should take warning. Young girls with tastes artistic, and ambition, must beware. You may know Brown by his oily tongue and Biblical air. He wants to do you a good turn. It is his ambition to help you make your name. If you will only act on his advice you will reach the top of the tree.

Go and see them reaching it. You will come across them at the top of the stairway where the poverty-stricken rooms are—nervous, brain-racked girls.

When you have seen them, look for Brown. If he is not at home leading the family prayers, look for him in the front pew; if he is not there, peep into the workhouse. You will hear him discoursing to the inmates about the goodness of God and how some men are chosen by Him to show to others the straight and narrow path.

But never a word about his workwomen. Brown does not believe in blending his business with his Bible.

## GRENFELL, FRAZIER'S XMAS & NEW YEARS GIFTS



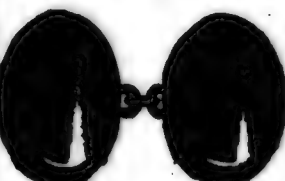
18 ct. Gold, all  
Diamonds,  
24 6 0; or  
Sapphire and  
Diamonds,  
22 10 0



Solid 9 ct. Gold Signet  
with initials engraved,  
21 1 0; 18 ct. Gold,  
22 7 0



9 ct. Garnet  
Ring, 7/6



Solid 9 ct. Gold Plain  
Links, engraved three in-  
itials or two, 21/-

The Question of Xmas Gifts will be uppermost in the minds of most people, and possibly you are pondering over the selection. In any case, let it be an article of genuine worth and sterling merit. Don't make the mistake of giving some pretentious yet totally inferior article.

You cannot do better than select something which will be both useful and ornamental. Jewellery is always an acceptable gift whatever form it takes, and also small silver-ware—useful for both ladies and gentlemen.

For Genuine Xmas Presents of an absolutely sterling character, we can offer you the finest and most varied selection you can possibly choose from. All our gems, jewellery, gold and silver articles are of the highest class and excellence. All our precious metals are hall-marked. When you buy from us you are obtaining the best quality at the very lowest price.

Drop a postcard to-day for  
**OUR NEW CATALOGUE**

Beautifully Illustrated,  
**SENT FREE,**

and you are sure to find what  
you want.

**GRENFELL, FRAZIER & CO.,**

(Dept.) 12, Edgware Rd., London (Near Marble Arch).

## Every Man who Shaves

has to face the problem of STROPPING—not an easy thing. Some experts attain a surprising proficiency by hard training and practice. You have no time for this—you want the result without the training. That is what you get in

## The "NUTSHELL"

**AUTOMATIC  
STROPPER.**

Price  
**12/6**



A Gift to  
Please  
the Man  
who  
shaves.

By a few turns of the handle your razor is perfectly set. As a time-saver alone, the "Nutshell" pays for itself in a month. When you buy the presents

**for Christmas**

remember that a "Nutshell" is the very thing for a man who shaves. Send 12/6, and have Free Trial. Money back if returned within 10 days. Of high-class Cutlers, or direct from Patentees and Manufacturers,

**G. H. RHEINBERG & CO., 23, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON, E.C.**  
Sole Importers:—Modern Shaving, 1, Fleet Street.

## WATCHES

We hold the Largest Stock in the World, and you save enormously by coming straight to the fountain head.

We send, entirely Free, our Large Catalogue of all makes of Gold & Silver Watches, Alberts, Rings, & Choice Jewellery, and a variety of Superior Goods for Presents. This book puts you in the best market for reliable goods, and fully explains our Easy Purchase Terms, and our substantial Discount for cash. Mention this paper and ask for Catalogue B. J. G. GRAVER, Ltd., SHEFFIELD.

Fire, Burglary, Plate Glass, Accident, Sickness, Drivers  
Accidents Departments.

With either WEEKLY or ANNUAL Premiums.

**RELIANCE FIRE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE CORPORATION Ltd.**  
CAPITAL £50,000.

For Agency Terms, apply 19, 20 & 21, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.  
WILLIAM E. RICHARDS, Managing Director.

## HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—XIV.

We have received the following letter, which we commend to the charitable amongst our readers. It may be that one of them will see his way to offer help in what appears to be both a sad and a deserving case:—

Noticing the sympathetic attitude of JOHN BULL towards those of its readers who are unfortunate I venture to cite yet one more which not inaptly may be termed "A Human Document."

The case is that of a young man, 28 years of age. When at the point of finishing a good education he lost his hearing. His parents, though in humble circumstances, contrived to keep him at school till he was 18, intending him for one of the professions.

The blow fell, shattering all their fond hopes, and they were at their wits end. He was taught shorthand and typing, and occupied several positions, but found his deafness was too great a handicap in so overcrowded a business.

Gradually he descended the scale of labour, till at last he was employed (and ill-used) in the nursery trade.

Trade becoming slack in August of this year he, of course, was considered the first that should go. (It is so easy to kick the bottom dog!)

Since that time, for four weary months, he has not done a stroke, and is now an unwilling burden on his parents' slender resources and almost in despair.

I may say he has an excellent character and has good testimonials, is most intelligent and well-informed, and a thoroughly good worker.

Can any reader of JOHN BULL give him a chance to earn a living? I am sure they would never regret it!

This is a case that will bear the strictest inquiry—one has but to hear the young man speak for himself to be assured of the urgency and genuineness of his need.

I hope that JOHN will add to his many other good deeds by helping in this matter.—I am, sir, yours etc., J. B. Junr.  
Hig. Road, Hayes End, Middlesex.

## SHAMS.

## MR. TAVERNER'S PENSION SCHEME.

The *Congleton Chronicle* of November 23 has the report of a case in the County Court which may be commended to the attention of those of our readers and others who dissent from our criticisms of Mr. Taverner and his Pension scheme. It seems that in the beginning of the present year a journeyman printer named Gibbs brought an action against Mr. Taverner of the Old Age Pension Trust for the return of some tools, or damages in lieu thereof. A verdict was given for the plaintiff for the return of the tools, whereupon Taverner applied for a new trial, which the Judge allowed, on the understanding that the money was paid into Court. The case came on again in June last, when Taverner pleaded that the printing business known as the "Invicta Press" did not belong to him, but to a man named Ranks—a gardener living with him—and this man claimed the things. The Judge held that the business never belonged to Ranks, that the goods claimed for were in the possession of Taverner, and that they must be returned, or damages paid. There having been neither return nor damages paid, the plaintiff put in an execution in Congleton for the balance owing, £7 10s., but when the bailiff went to issue the execution, Taverner told him that nothing in the place belonged to him. The "Invicta Press" was claimed for Mrs. Mary Ann Taverner, Taverner's mother, and others. The case was then brought before the Judge and adjourned at Taverner's request on the plea that he had a most important meeting of directors in the South. The important meeting, as counsel alleged, was nothing more than a meeting at Bristol to further the aims of the "Old Age Pension Trust." Finally, and before the date of the adjourned hearing, Taverner gave notice that he discontinued the action, but refused to pay the costs. The present application was for an order for all costs, which was granted by the Judge.

We do not think this case requires any comment. It is a very discreditable record as against Taverner, and we commend it to those who believe in the man.

We have received from Messrs. Chas. Letts and Co. an assortment of their excellent diaries for the coming year. Each of them, from the thumb-nail size to the largest, is a model of compactness and utility, one of the firm's specialities being a simple contrivance by which the diary always opens by means of a tablet at the place in use, whilst memoranda written on the tablet are brought prominently under the eye, and as soon as attended to may be easily removed by moisture. Another feature is the £1,000 accident insurance coupon, of which Letts's were the pioneers.

## BULL'S EYES.

## SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That Mr. Paul Taylor is very fond of brown dogs.—That the Kaiser's method of viewing scenery by driving through it in a motor at sixty miles an hour is likely to become popular.—That Portugal was represented at the Peace Conference.

"It is against our will that we have become entangled in Morocco," says a French journal. Morocco Bound.

Mr. John Wright, of Portland, Maine, has married the wife he divorced thirty-two years ago. So she is (W)right again, after all.

According to G. B. Shaw, "A woman is an infinitely more important unit than a man." Is she "The Mighty Atom"?

"Many a smile maketh a flirt," says Mizner. And many a flirt maketh one smile.

A gold-reef yielding £20 to the ton has been found in a Californian churchyard. The discovery should raise the spirits of those having "small holdings" there.

The title of a recently produced play, "Waste," suggests a record for brevity in dramatic criticism:—"Rubbish!"

In Germany the servant girls have formed a trade union. Over here every Mary Jane has a "union" of her own in view.

"Swearing does not disperse the fog," said Mr. Fordham recently. But it usually makes the air a bit thicker.

The *Isis* has not "a word to say in favour or even in extenuation of 'rags.'" Mrs. Bull frequently expresses the same sentiments.

During a wrestling match at the Casino de Paris, one of the men flung his opponent into the orchestra. Fortunately the band was playing a catchy air.

A white diamond of 220 carats has been found near Kimberley. Quite a turn-up.

The newly discovered waterfall in British Guiana has been named Chamberlain. It must be a great fall.

As a result of leaving his finger-prints on a candle, a Birmingham burglar has just been caught. He is now waxier than ever.

"Tears from the Bull's-Eye" is a heading in a London evening paper. It must have meant "smiles."

An American citizen has been fined £60 for trying to bribe a Surrey policeman. It seems heavy punishment for mere loss of memory. The gentleman thought he was in America.

Ranjitsinhji, the Jam of Nawanagar, paid his official visit to the India Office the other day. It is understood Mr. Morley expressed the hope that whatever happened in India, his Highness would not go to pot.

West Ham Borough Council meetings are in future to be opened with prayer. Members must think themselves miserable sinners.

A paper "trusts that the visit of the Kaiser will strengthen the ties." We also hope it will lessen the cuffs.

Burglars entered a house at Leicester and left a receipt for the money they took. The owner supplied the stamp.

An accountant writes in defence of the kilt. He is an authority on drafts.

Mrs. Salter, of Southampton, recently celebrated her hundredth birthday. Her life has been well preserved.

A snake was found in a case of Indian cheroots at Clerkenwell. In cases of whisky they are quite common.

A headline reads: How Footballers are Bought. How Spectators are Sold would also be interesting.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED**

**WHITE**

**& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner

*Chips* has been giving away peppermint rock to its juvenile readers. Other journals have made arrangements for the following gifts:—

*Punch*—Chestnuts.  
*Mail*—Crackers.  
*P.T.O.*—T.Pots.  
*Referee*—Mustard and Cress.  
*M.A.P.*—Puffs.

A correspondent to a contemporary considers that burglaries would be stopped by the cat. What has the dog done?

We hear that several Cabinet Ministers would like to Spank-hurst.

Sixpenny hansoms are coming. Will they reduce the growlers?

"The well-dressed man of to-day is a dismal scarecrow," says the *Eton College Chronicle*. Curious that he always attracts the "rooks."

The body of a milkman has been found in a pond on Wimbledon Common. "The ruling passion," etc.

"The ant has not the power of reason," writes a *Daily Mail* contributor. Idle folk will cordially agree.

Although fashion predicts a sixteen-inch waist for women, we predict that it will be no easier to "get round" them.

An outcome of the financial crisis is President Roosevelt's denunciation of "long stockings." He means to pull them up.

"Kaiser Among the Pines," reads a heading. We hope he won't get the needle.

"Carrot milk" is the latest discovery. We prefer the udder sort.

At New Plymouth, New Zealand, a divorce was applied for and granted in the record time of two minutes. The applicant has now time to look round for a second.

"Nineteenth Century Prose" is the title of a recent book. More Parliamentary reports we suppose.

According to Mr. Plowden, "the failures at the Bar go into journalism." Which Bar?

In a recent Bankruptcy case, the assets were "pawntickets, &c." A "brief" statement.

Caruso has taken his own tailor with him to New York. Is this a precaution against loose "habits"?

At Enfield, a man was sent to prison for stealing a prayer-book. He was too fond of good works.

"Don't fail to get out your heirlooms in the way of jewellery," says a lady contributor in a contemporary. But what if you can't pay the interest?

According to Mr. Justice Ridley, at the New Bailey, "there will be a vacancy on the Bench before long" if something is not done to stop the draughts. Good news!

Burglars have broken into a Lyons depot in London. £400 was on the premises and they thought it was a safe thing. It was.

#### MOTORALITIES:—

The best lubricant for police traps is palm oil.  
 Even a little work may tire a tyre.  
 The motor drives the car, but the man drives the motor.  
 Of two speeds choose the lesser.  
 Records are made to be broken.  
 Despite many recent improvements, motor cars are still driven by horse power.  
 Cranks and eccentrics are important parts of the machinery.  
 A live axle may prove a dead failure.  
 Necessity knows no by-laws.

"How to tell a Bad Cigar" is the title of an article in a morning paper. But it usually speaks for itself.

The Vicar of Fordington recently published the banns for his own marriage. Many another man has signed his own death-warrant.

The *Star* says: "What We Think. Old Age Pensions Next Session." We don't think.

A lift attendant has been fined fifty pounds for allowing his lift to be used for the purpose of betting. Very discouraging for one who did his best to elevate the working classes.

## The Universal Provider in Banking.

Current  
Accounts.

Deposits.

Overdrafts

Customers

Every

Want

Supplied.



Branches and Agencies in every  
County in the United Kingdom.

**FARROW'S BANK, Ltd.**

(THE PEOPLE'S BANK).

1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

#### APPLICATION FORM.

Please send me post free your 32-page  
Illustrated Booklet.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

## LONDON'S ANNUAL EVENT.

# GREAT XMAS BAZAAR

NOW IN FULL SWING.

BIGGER, BRIGHTER AND  
BETTER THAN EVER.

... THE ...  
**GRANDEST SHOW**  
OF ITS KIND  
**IN THE WORLD.**

Each  
of  
our  
**60 DEPARTMENTS**  
CRAMMED WITH  
**NOVELTIES & PRESENTS**  
for YOUNG and OLD.



Cosy Restaurant and Tea-  
rooms, American Bar, Minia-  
ture "Zoo," Demonstrations  
of Arts and Crafts, Diabolo  
by an Expert, Great Work-  
ing Set Pieces, Airship Flights,  
and Free Entertainments all  
day.

**Come Early, Bring the Children,**  
and make yourself at home.

**A. W. GAMAGE Ltd., HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.**

# BUCHANAN'S

## "BLACK

### &

## WHITE"

THE WHISKY OF WORLD  
WIDE REPUTE

### BIRKBECK BANK.

Established 1851.  
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

2½ PER CENT. INTEREST  
allowed on Deposit Accounts.

2 PER CENT. INTEREST  
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.

All general Banking Business transacted.  
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.

O. F. RAVENSBURGH, Secretary.



To be obtained of Stationers.



### Sale of Fur Coats at 1/3rd Reduction.

The remaining stock of Gustav Ellis and another Furrier.

A few of the bargains:—

5 good quality Beaver Cloth, lined Musquash, Persian Lamb Collars. Original price 15 gns. Sale price 10 gns.

6 Black Cloth, lined Genette, large Astrachan collars. Original price 16 gns. Sale price £11 4s.

4 Black Cloth, lined Musquash, large Beaver Collars. Original price 20 gns. Sale price £14.

Also a quantity of coats, lined Hamster, Squirrel, Marmot, Beaver, Seal, &c., from £7 10s. to 50 gns.

Original prices £10 to 75 gns.

**Swan & Edgar, LTD.**

Gentlemen's Department,

Piccadilly and Regent Street, W.

### PROMPT CASH ADVANCES

£100 TO £10,000

LENT PRIVATELY

on approved note of  
hand, without  
security.

**FIEL DINGS**  
12, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

For any period in Town or Country. Repayments as mutually agreed upon. No fees or bills of sale, and strictest privacy.

Advances on 2nd mortgages. Bills discounted.

### JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

**NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

A. A. (St. John's Wood) is good enough to inform us that "William Shakespeare" was "the greatest poet and dramatist the world has ever seen." Why does he put the gentleman's name in inverted commas? Is he a Baconian?

R. S. (Cleveland Street).—The long arm of coincidence, we suppose.

"SHEFFIELDER."—We will give Curran a currant.

A. S. (Bournemouth).—See answer to S. J. A. (Hornsey Lane).

A. R. S. (South Audley Street) quotes from an article on partridge-driving in *Fry's Magazine*: "It is as well to pick the cocks to shoot at, which may be easily distinguished by the chestnut horseshoe marks on their breasts." He says it would not be easy to distinguish the markings when the birds were coming high, thick and fast, and that old hen partridges often have the same markings as the cocks.

J. C. (Glamorgan).—Our Editor stood, and sits, as an Independent Liberal.

R. H. L. (London).—A very useful cutting.

J. W. (Edinburgh).—You seem to be very particular about style, and we will do our best to oblige you.

G. C. H. (London, N.).—We have not seen the contents-bill of the *Clarion*.

J. P. (Manchester).—We have already awarded a biscuit for a very similar blunder.

C. H. asks whether one can enjoy one's self. Why not?

G. M. (Mexborough).—A bit mixed, wasn't it?

D. N. (Cardiff).—The Church of England does not receive money directly from the State, so it is no use bothering about Blue Books.

F. J. C. (Gray's Inn Road).—A bit previous, wasn't it?

S. M. (Sidcup) quarrels with Jim Crow for saying that Whistler acquired "his peculiar gifts" in Europe. S. M. thinks that a man cannot acquire a gift unless he steals a wedding present. Crow considers that artistic gifts may be acquired by study, by imitation, and by the effects of environment. S. M. asks whether Crow never heard of Nathaniel Hawthorne, "Leaves of Grass." Joe Miller, or the Biglow Papers, and suggests that he should study Mark Twain's "Prince and Pauper." Crow thinks as little of those writers as he does of Messrs. Howells and James, the Yankee novelists. However, we suppose that literature is a matter of taste and that S. M. is entitled to read whatever books he is capable of enjoying.

"THE MAMMOTH" forgets that many of our competitors sent in three lines for a shilling.

A. G. (London, W.C.) says our Supplement is the most telling indictment of Limericks that he has seen. He asks "what must 100,000 of such lines be like?" What a horrible thought!

F. E. G. (Balham).—It was an unimportant slip, and, as you say, the right version was not brilliant. And we are afraid we did drop an r though the word still makes sense. We agree that many of the last lines were "pathetic."

A. L. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), commenting upon our printer's trivial slips in foreign languages "submits that it is impossible" for us "to speak with authority of foreign nations unless" we "are acquainted (sic) with the elements of the only vehicle of communication with those nations—their languages." We will not be so unkind as to suggest that he cannot be allowed to criticise an English newspaper before he has mastered the elements of English spelling. He enjoyed Jim Crow on Yankees, but "believes" that they may do great things in time.

"SMETHWICKIAN."—You need not read them if you don't like.

L. H. (Victoria Street) objects to the biscuit we gave the *Daily Express* for explaining their printer's error as an intentional device. He says that all the linotype men on the various machines could not have made the same blunder simultaneously. L. H. must spend a day in our printing office.

M. C. (Chester).—What is your objection to the charwoman doing a bit of whitewashing?

"HENRY" (Herts) sends us a ticket for a lottery "for the benefit of Henry Halewood, Blind Hawker, in consideration of his loss of a donkey." He wants to know whether the hawker is blind or whether he hawks blinds. We note that one of the prizes is a set of "reliable husband soothers." "Henry" wants to know whether these include whisky and cigars. He seems to doubt the genuineness of the thing. It does look strange. It would be better for the prize givers to club together and buy the donkey.

M. A. T. (Nottingham).—We will do our best.

H. H. N. —Quite funny, but not very nice.

Mrs. W. (Queen's Gate).—You are quite mistaken in thinking that the object of temperance legislation is to punish the brewers. Oh, no.

J. B. (Great Yarmouth).—Rather a difficult operation.

our whip.

**FASCINATING BILLIARDS.**  
There is a fascination about billiards which makes it the best evening and wet weather game ever devised. Skilled and unskilled, ladies and gentlemen, young and old, can play and enjoy it on the miniature table now so popular. This is supplied as a dining and billiard table combined, or can be fixed on top of a large table, and any ordinary room will take it comfortably. Though the table is small, the billiards are the real thing, and the surroundings are those of home. The cost is so trifling, moreover, and instalments (if desired) so easy, that we should advise the reader to send at once for catalogue to E. J. Riley, Ltd., Imperial Billiard Mills, Accrington.—[ADVT.]

# TEA

**NO FEES  
OR PUBLICITY.**

**(Established 1870.)**

Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 37 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of **POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE** in 1-2-3. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

FOR FREE SAMPLE send Postcard to  
**POTTER & OLLIVER, Artillery Lane,  
London, E.** Mention paper.

**Instant relief**

REV. G. D. (Bournemouth).—If you are a constant reader of JOHN BULL, you ought not to have been taken in by the London Premium Tea Co.

"TAFY" (Bridge End).—We have ordered a new tin.

R. P. (Leadenhall Street).—See answer to "Taffy" (Bridge End).

A. B. (Poplar) mentions a curious circumstance. Some years ago, when picture puzzles were the vogue, certain names appeared with undue frequency among the prize-winners. Now these same names are continually appearing in the winning lists of Limerick competitions. We do not see that this proves anything, but it might be amusing to run down to Birmingham, and congratulate these fortunate people.

"RAMBLER" (Sutton-in-Ashfield) points out that the John D. Macdonald Co., announce that they have no connection with any other firm in a similar line of business. He does not believe this, because he finds that their circular has been reproduced almost word for word by J. Dixon and Co. (42, Junction Road, London, N.). But, of course, one of them may have copied the other's circular.

A. U. S. (Dorset Square).—See answer to R. P. (Leadenhall Street).

H. H. (Fenchurch Street) wants a biscuit for a paper which stated that a steamer "set sail." But this is almost a permissible metaphor, consecrated by custom. People talk of setting sail for a place, when they never dream of touching sails themselves.

"NEMO" (London, N.).—It was rather witty of the *Daily Chronicle* to announce that King Alfonso was to "sit upon Queen Amelia's right hand." We hope it did not hurt her Majesty.

A. H. P. (Shepherd's Bush) wants information about the London Clerks' Association (153, Fenchurch Street). He informs us that the connection between Christian Scientists and mixed bathers is to be found in the fact that they both drink water. We really must inquire into this strange phenomenon.

F. A. B. (Bristol).—They are very fluent lines, but we are not very fond of publishing poetry.

S. C. (Sunderland).—Unfortunately our letter-bag is so plethoric that there is bound to be some delay in our replies. We are not publishing the correspondence, but we expect we have dealt with it ere this.

"IGNORAMUS"—They may "make every effort" and yet not succeed.

"EM-AH." wants to know why people write 07 instead of 7 for the figure of the year. We want to know why they are too lazy to write 1907 in full.

MRS. J. W. S. (Wanstead).—Yes, very candid.

A "WELL-WISHER."—We have frequently warned readers against Acté and Co., (85, Fleet Street) as well as against Geromes, who appear to be the same people under another name.

W. L. (London, N.).—We will remonstrate with Mr. Hopkins.

D. H. (Manchester).—Right you are.

G. E. W. (Edgware Road).—A bicycle is certainly not an enormous prize in a limerick competition, but why do you think 5,000 competitors will be attracted?

"CHEMIST" (Liverpool).—Not quite up to the mark.

"VOLUNTEER" (Chester).—We know nothing of the man who professes to cure fits with "Imperialine" at 4s. 6d. a bottle. It sounds rather like a Birmingham remedy.

W. H. W. (Ashton-on-Ribble).—See answer to "Scirburn" (Stamford Hill).

G. W. E. (Portsmouth) wants to know about the Employers' General Bureau (96, High Holborn). The Football Handbook is out of print.

P. O. K. (Maesteg).—Good boy; we hope so, too.

W. P. (Grantham).—It was the man not the lion who wore evening dress. We wonder you did not see that.

F. E. (Somerset).—We know nothing of the Service Company (292 and 293, High Holborn). Why did not you consult us before you sent your sovereign? We will make enquiries for you.

C. A. S. (Birmingham).—A good example of Tariff arithmetic.

R. D. (Penryn).—We have already alluded to these church lotteries. We agree that it is strange that their circulars should be allowed to go through the post for a halfpenny while other lottery circulars have to go in closed envelopes.

J. R. (High Holborn).—See answer to J. W. M. (Russell Square).

H. A. (Sheffield) asks our opinion of a pamphlet entitled "Thought," by Jabez Haigh. It seems drivel.

W. D. H. (Brixton).—Why have you taken so long to make our acquaintance?

T. T. (Glasgow).—We see no occasion to comment on the case.

HUMBLE TAX-PAYER (Finsbury Park).—We quite agree that it is time someone began to look into the accounts of some of these Religious and Charitable Societies, but the statement you send us of the Church of England Temperance Society is rather too old, being for the year 1904. It is sorry reading all the same.

"SOUTH LEEDS."—The stories are all very ancient "chestnuts." Glad you like our new theology, and quite agree with you that it "knocks R. J. C.'s into a cocked hat." Fancy your friend not liking us. He can't be real Yorkshire.

"SUBSCRIBER" (Stockport).—See answer to W. H. W. (Ashton-on-Ribble).

A. J. A. (Wimbledon).—We should scarcely describe that barmaid as a "firt." She seems to have been a very devoted girl.

G. L. (Bexley Heath).—We do not think the terms demanded at all excessive—especially if, as they tell you, it covered the insertion of an advertisement in the *Daily Chronicle*.

E. W. M. (Peckham).—You are supersensitive on behalf of the licensed victualler. The "publicans" of the Bible had nothing to do with "The Trade." Our bull pup desires us to thank you for the biscuit.

"SENILE" (Bath).—We are not medical experts and cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising the "Rice" or any other treatment for rupture.

"BRADDIE" (New Cross).—We appreciate your anxiety—but you must not write poetry.

G. B. (Putney).—Good.

"JOAN BULL" (Bere Alston).—See answer to G. B. (Putney).

E. C. (Bradford) is a typical Yorkshireman. He wants to know how we manage to distribute £50 a week amongst our readers; what our circulation is; what is our profit on each copy sold; what staff is engaged upon our journal; and the total of our weekly expenses. Our answer is that we give the £50 out of pure philanthropy; our circulation is a million, more or less; we lose a farthing on each copy—but it's the quantity that pays; all the members of our staff are Jim Crow under other names; and, finally, everybody works for us for love. We trust E. C.'s curiosity is now satisfied.

P. N. (Brighton).—We have sent you a copy of the Act. Always glad to oblige a reader.

F. C. (Dartmouth, N.S.). tells us that every week on the arrival of the mail there is a rare "scrap" for JOHN BULL. Where don't we get to?

"SCIRBURN" (Stamford Hill).—See answer to A. U. S. (Dorset Square).

X. Y. Z.—See answer to "Scirburn" (Stamford Hill).—Jim Crow is too lazy to write an almanac this year, thank goodness!

MR. LAURIE, the publisher, writes: "Might I suggest that had I not 'ventured to draw' Mr. Herbert Vivian's notice to 'Catharine's' special merits, she would probably have been thrown in the W.P.B. instead of achieving a page-review in JOHN BULL." As a matter of fact, the publisher's puff discouraged Mr. Vivian from reading the book, but he is now glad that he persevered.

R. W. C. (Portland).—We suppose scientific theories, like most other theories, are constantly changing. Hypnotism, for instance, used not to be believed in a short time ago.

W. H. T. (London, N.).—See answer to "Joan Bull" (Bere Alston).

C. S. (West Hampstead).—Oh! oh! We have heard that story before. Did it really and truly happen to you?

"MIKE" (Bristol) is good enough to inform us that we must not believe all we see in the newspapers. He sends us some filthy scraps of paper which he says he has marked with a cross. The cross, however, is not visible to our naked eye, so our credulity must remain unabated.

L. R. (Bow) informs us that for "regular and punctual attendance, good conduct, and progress" during last year his daughter received a book worth 4½d. at a County Council school. Perhaps her conduct will not be quite so good this year.

E. O. (Clapham) says that Peter Karageorgevitch cannot hold a candle to us. We will, however, gladly hold a candle at his funeral. E. O. also enquires our terms for advertisements in the column headed "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil." We will accept £1,000 per inch for cash with order.

MR. S. (Manor Park).—See answer to A. S. (Bournemouth).

"BANDARILLERO" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We are sorry to hear that you have been confined to the house. Let us know when we may send you a mug. If you are a Tariff Reformer, we are not surprised that you should split your infinitives. See answer to J. W. M. (Russell Square) and do not try to take us by the horns.

W. P. (East Finchley).—How did you know it was a wedding-ring?

"MAN OF KENT."—We will lose no time in reading your cuttings, and we will keep an eye on your friend.

H. C. S. (Nottingham).—Jim Crow prefers something rather thicker than biscuits.

H. K. (Bedford Park).—See answer to J. P. (Coleman Street).

S. J. A. (Hornsey Lane).—See answer to H. K. (Bedford Park).

J. W. M. (Russell Square).—See answer to E. B. (Piccadilly Circus).

E. B. (Piccadilly Circus) is evidently not aware that all mistakes in newspapers are the exclusive property of the printer.

J. P. (Coleman Street).—Tariff Reform geography seems to be on a par with its arithmetic, but we must not give Pearson's parrot indigestion.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

**CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?**

If so, What is your Number?

SEE PAGE I.

## JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. BULL.

## A DOMESTIC DANGER.

One can scarcely open a paper nowadays without reading of the newly discovered dangers which lurk in pretty well every article of domestic consumption and use. The deathly microbe is everywhere present, and in the effort to elude its persistent attention many people are reduced by fear to a shadow of their former ample proportions. But there is one article, of which is manufactured many and varied things, that is responsible for a yearly increasing death roll. I refer to celluloid. Day by day, week by week, children and people of all ages find permanent injury or painful death from the terrible combustible properties of this material, and I am surprised that stringent regulations are not made to deal with its sale. Cheap fancy hair combs are almost invariably made of celluloid, and I wonder how many of the innumerable women who wear these articles are aware of their dangerous propensities. Only the other day, a friend of mine was bending over a fire when her hair combs ignited and burned furiously for some moments. Happily, she had great presence of mind; with commendable self-control she plunged her head in water, which was fortunately handy, otherwise I dread to think what might have happened.

## ANOTHER DANGER.

Flannelette has long been notorious for its tendency to ignite on the least provocation. Zylonite burns fiercely if brought into contact with a flame. The former can be rendered fire-proof at a very trifling cost by being washed at the laundry in a solution of alum, but so far as shown, there is nothing that renders the last-named material free from danger of fire.

## HOW TO GIVE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

It is still a bit early for considering Christmas merry-making in the abstract, but for the hostess upon whom all success depends, the true course of wisdom is "to seize Time by the forelock." Let us, then, consider some amusing methods, other than the traditional Christmas tree, of distributing seasonable gifts. Sometimes a little party is given, and in the midst of the festivities arrives Santa Claus himself, bearing on his shoulders a crowded sack of presents. It is usually quite easy to find some good-natured young man of one's acquaintance who will don the tow beard and wig and the long ermine-trimmed robe necessary for the part. Sometimes a snow man—in other words, a boy swathed from head to foot with cotton-wool—undertakes the distributing of the parcels. If the hostess is ambitious, a snow-cave can be rigged up for the abode of the snow-man. This should be done in a corner of the study or dining-room. It is easily managed with the aid of the kitchen clothes-horse. This—covered first with calico, then cotton-wool gleaming with silver dust, and further realism being added by suspended glass icicles—is truly picturesque in aspect. In all these cotton-wool effects the greatest care must be taken to avoid the danger of fire. If preferred, the tent may be formed of gay and gaudy coverings, and presided over by a dusky-skinned gipsy. It should be but dimly lighted, and if the children are not so tiny as to be easily frightened, the room in which the magic tent is erected should also be mysteriously dim. Then there is an "awful joy" in the solitary journey into the unknown to win the gift. A fish-pond is bright and social, and provocative of much laughter. A large tub or bath serves for the pond—no water, of course! The parcels, tied round with string, have a nice large loop left, so that the little fishers' hooks easily find their goal. In this case, luck presides, but the gifts suitable for boys and for girls can be distinguished by being wrapped in red and in blue paper respectively.

## PITY THE MILLIONAIRE.

Sad tales are reaching us from America. I do not refer to the collapse of many prominent Trusts or to the wholesale discharge of competent workmen, but to the sorrows of the multi-millionaires. Times are so hard across the herring pond that these august personages have to deprive themselves of many of their pet luxuries. I even understand that there is no particular demand either for freak or poodle dinners; dog receptions are for the moment discouraged, and it is even whispered that the more hard hit of these great ones of the earth have been compelled to go without their out-of-season strawberries. Poor things!

## LIPTON'S

Tea Merchants.

GOLD MEDAL,  
JANESTOWN, 1907.GOLD MEDAL,  
BERLIN, 1907.

By Special Appointment.

**GROWERS OF  
THE FINEST TEA  
THE WORLD  
CAN PRODUCE.  
NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.  
NO QUALITY EQUAL  
TO LIPTON'S.**

*Direct from the Tea Gardens  
to the Teapot.*

Sole Proprietors of many of the most  
famous Tea, Coffee and Cocoa Estates  
in Ceylon, covering thousands of acres.

LIPTON'S,

CHIEF OFFICES:

City Rd., London, E.C.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTON'S TEA

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

## RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

## The Sire's Price Deserves It.

The Val d'Or colts just foaled in Buenos Ayres are amazingly fine stock.

## Unnecessary Here Nowadays.

The card is called overnight on most big South African handicaps.

## First Prestige, then Fact.

Before they begin racing, thoroughbreds are judged by their pedigree—afterwards by their doings.

## Why Not Here?

The Australian Race Committees not alone license bookmakers, but limit their number in each enclosure.

## Their Col. Hall-Walker.

Mr. B. J. Gall, head of the winning Irish owners list, owes his place there entirely to the two-year-old Americus Girl. His Own Jockey, too.

Mr. C. T. Garland, the owner of the handicap 'chaser Oatlands, and a keen sportsman, is also a strong patron of tennis and has his own private court.

## Kolo's Owner.

Mr. A. Stedall will be the leading owner at jumping this winter, having, as he terms it, "only 22 or 23 coming to the game." And he deserves all success.

## Will Win a Race.

Bushey Path, a useful horse, but one who keeps losing his place through lack of speed on circular courses, cost Mr. J. Wynford Philipps £1,200 in Ireland last season.

## A Posing Query.

There is great argument as to which was the most impudent thing done on a racecourse last season. Which do you think? Was it in a Lingfield Apprentices Plate or a Hurst Park Handicap.

## How English Boys do like England.

J. Bentley, the jockey who served his apprenticeship with John Dawson, the trainer, at Newmarket—and whom I sent out there—does not appreciate the racing in South Africa, and has just returned home.

## And Backers Pay for It.

Just before the Autumn Handicaps bookmakers' advertisements were getting more numerous and more specious. Moreover, nowadays these are becoming quite cleverly framed to "catch the eye."

## Commonsense.

If an owner possesses unsound horses he must run them whenever he can. Otherwise it cannot be policy, like some trainers do, to purposely wait until the back-end, when we get bad going, so that the best horses by no means always win.

## A Pillar of the Exchange and Turf.

Mr. Paul Nelke, for whom Pickering does so well, is one of the very best men to train for. Despite a lot of ill-luck of late, I hope we shall see the red and brown halved jacket at jumping.

## The Pink and Green.

I am pleased to say that Sir Henry Randall will, anyhow, nominate one or two at jumping this season, so that, despite his very long dose of ill-luck—and his vows to the contrary last winter—we may still see the colours regularly between the flags.

## Amorelle's Trainer.

The Duke of Westminster originally promised J. Phillips, the youthful Epsom trainer, that he would, in due course, send him a few jumpers to train, but the ex-jockey has heard nothing further definitely. He is in hopes of obtaining some of the flat racers that have been carrying the yellow and black cap. Phillips has just moved into Rowland Lodge, Epsom, which Mr. H. J. Cove occupied last winter, and has room for twenty-five horses.

## Who Was It?

I hear of a very funny occurrence. A certain steeple-chase jockey rode two horses at Kempton recently—"with the brake on"—under orders. The trainer was so dissatisfied with the way in which he handled them that he will not wear the colours again. Truly a jockey's life is not a very happy one, for seemingly he can ride bad races when he doesn't win on horses that are "expected," and bad ones equally upon non-triers when they get too prominent.

## Humanity Calls for It.

The poor ambulance arrangements at many meetings recall my emphatic remarks, particularly on the eve of a

winter season, of the extreme necessity for proper provision being made in the event of accidents. For the sake of a little forethought and the saving of expense we see accidents, even fatal ones, occurring without any regard to what should be done, anyhow in an attempt to save life and limb. When a man is lying with a broken limb or insensible it is almost inhuman in a civilised country, and the 20th century, for an executive to merely put up a chalk-written notice "Doctor wanted," and have to risk there being a professional man present—and his seeing the notice. Ireland, however, has at last sensibly taken the matter up, and the stewards will not in future grant to any meeting, large or small, a licence without their providing proper ambulance accommodation and material, and having a medical man present and within immediate call. We are lamentably behind the Colonies and France in this regard, for in Australia the horse ambulance follows in the wake of every jumping event. In England some executives do not possess such a thing as an ambulance, or if they do, it is quite of an old-fashioned, crude character—agonising for anyone having the ill-fortune to be upon it. Last winter, in fact, I know of one case in which a jockey, fatally injured, was, after a great delay, casually attended to, and carried back on a sheep hurdle.

## Summary.

Last week was prolific with mishap and disaster for backers. It is really extraordinary how Gatwick meetings brings grief and serious injury to jockeys. Among them it is quite looked upon as "the graveyard." Beyond the smashes, what occurred there a week ago was of very little account, and we had much brighter and brisker sport at Sandown, where the game again went two ways—entirely in favour of the bookmaker, and to the advantage of the present-time irresistible Weyhill stable. Many a backer—even 'cute professionals—declared that they had not had a worse week for years, mayhap at all, at jumping, while no end of little punters vow that they never win at steeplechasing. Hartigan's good fortune has certainly been abnormal, for everything he runs wins, and everything happens to bring about its success chiefly by mishap to the animals that are the danger in running, or absolutely beating the Weyhill representative.

The final blow of the week to all backers, especially the little stay-at-homes, all over the country, was the rout of that bogey Nulli Secundus, who was half a distance better than the rest of the field, but was pulled out of a place; this being quite unnecessary for Morgan to do, having regard to the vast public following which the King's colours have and how many little backers would be on each way. Brookwood, who won the race, had all the luck in running, but Nulli Secundus was going just as well, and was just moving up on to his heels, after having been a long way astern round the final bend. Then it was that the Newmarket-trained filly, Lochlee, squirmed and fell at the penultimate hurdle, bringing general grief, and to avoid the melee of horses and jockeys Morgan had to absolutely pull Nulli Secundus up.

This allowed Brookwood, who had always been clear of the trouble, to get a fifty yards' lead, and although there were shouts from the ring as the King's horse was going up again fast, the stone-cold Brookwood just escaped a "downer" over the last hurdle and thereafter "sailed" home alone, Morgan accepting the situation.

## Prophetic.

Lingfield does not provide a very full card, SEXTON, mayhap, being the safest bet on one or both days. Previously, Newbury will be concluded, and to-day (Thursday) my tip must be to follow Prince Hatzfeldt's horses, PLAYFUL OCEAN in the Hunt Maiden Plate, and MASK in the Berks Handicap. Both these should certainly win.

£50,000 guaranteed deposit at Bankers. A deposit of this amount is enough in itself to ensure the confidence of every sportsman, and the keen pleasure of racing is greatly augmented by a feeling of absolute security in your turf accountant.

Select one, therefore, who has a sound business of long standing. Take, for instance, Mr. D. M. Gant (member of Tattersall's), 25, Conduit Street, W., London, known throughout the length and breadth of the land as England's premier turf accountant.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business, and in every case tributes have hereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house.

In a word, this is a high-class turf commission agent's business, intelligently managed, on sound and straightforward principles, and offering the best terms obtainable. Clients can rest assured that they will receive prompt cash settlements, however large their claims.—ADVT.

**TOPPING & SPINDLER,**

Turf Commission Agents,  
**FLUSHING, HOLLAND.**  
 THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND MOST EXTENSIVE FIRM OF  
 TURF COMMISSION AGENTS IN THE WORLD.  
 NO COMMISSION CHARGED ON STARTING PRICE OR  
 ACCUMULATORS AT STARTING PRICE.  
 ALL LETTERS TO BE ADDRESSED—  
**TOPPING & SPINDLER, FLUSHING, HOLLAND.**  
 Postage 2½d. Post Cards 1d.

**OBSERVE THIS ADVERTISEMENT,** then drop a postcard  
 for our terms, you will find them very advantageous for the Winter  
 Season.

**ROBERT MASTERS, CROOK & CO.,**  
**FLUSHING, HOLLAND.**  
 Established in 1848.

**BUSINESS**

is conducted by me all the year round, but I do not advertise  
 during the winter season. I still have a few copies of the "Little Red Book"  
 left, and a copy will be sent gratis and free of charge to any sportsman on  
 application. Address

**THOMAS HENRY DEY, Turf Accountant and Commission Agent,**  
**Middelburg, Holland.**

Credit accounts opened with responsible sportsmen.  
 Apply:—T. H. DEY, 40, Old Bond Street, London, W.

**A. HEATHORN** (Member of Tattersall's)  
**FLUSHING, HOLLAND.**

**NO LIMIT. NO COMMISSION CHARGED.**  
**BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.**

Terms for 1907 free on receipt of address.  
 For weekly credit accounts write—

**51, WARWICK STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**  
 Business by Correspondence only.

**C H A R L E S L E V Y,**  
**28, REGENT ST., S.W.**

Telegraphic Address: "FOREJUDGE, LONDON."

Telephones:  
 3615 GERRARD, 4190 CENTRAL.

Telegraphic Address: "IRISHMAN, LONDON."

Telephone: No. 5072 GERRARD.

**E. O. IRISH,**  
**7, ARGYLL STREET, W**

**W. G. MORTIMER,**  
**51, LEXINGTON STREET,**  
**REGENT STREET, W.**

Best Terms.

Established 1878.

Particulars Free.

**W. H. SAUNDERS'**

Telegraphic Address:

"PLASTERING, LONDON."

**A LLDEN BROTHERS.**

USUAL position in **TATTERSALL'S** and **SMALL RING** at  
**NEWBURY AND LINGFIELD.**

All Business conducted on the Course **ONLY.**

No Representatives and NO transactions by wire, 'phone or  
 letter.

**TRACE AND PERCY,**  
**15, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.**

**NEW BOOK of RULES** containing absolutely the best Terms.  
**SYSTEMS** and every description of **BUSINESS** undertaken.  
**LARRY LYNX**, in the "People," April 1, 1906, attributes  
 our success to Straightforwardness and Accuracy.

**FREEHOLD BUNGALOWS**  
**In Delightful, Healthy Localities.**



Freehold brick and tile Bungalow, as above, 28 miles from London, 10 minutes' station and pretty country village, with one acre.

**£270 cash or £27 down, and 33/3 monthly.**

**Land in Wilts from £15 an acre. Ten acres for**  
**£400. Bungalows from £110.**

Estates in Berks, Dorset, Essex, Hants, Herts, Kent, Oxon, Salop, Surrey, Wilts, and Isle of Wight. Free Deeds. No Law Costs. No Survey Fees.  
 Write for large illustrated book, or, if possible, call—

**HOMESTEADS, Ltd. (R),**  
**27, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.**

# LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

The Only Complete Milk Food for Use at Home & Abroad.

## **HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

*For all ages and Conditions, in and out of Health. Composed in about equal proportions of the purest dairy milk, combined with the soluble nutritive extracts of wheat and barley malt.*

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

replaces mother's milk in Infancy and for this purpose can be used from the moment of birth.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

is a valuable adjunct to Mother's milk.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

is the best food beverage for Nursing Mothers, being far superior to any of the old-fashioned stimulants.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

is the Ideal Diet for growing children at all periods, and especially for

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

development of bone, brain and muscle. is milk in its best form for all Invalids and delicate people.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

is palatable, nourishing, and recuperating for convalescents after most illnesses, and especially after all fevers.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

is a digestive food of the highest nourishing power for those who suffer from dyspepsia.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

taken hot before retiring promotes healthy, natural sleep, and has been found most beneficial by many who suffer from insomnia.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

is good before and after any kind of fatigue and unusual exercise.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

is liquid nourishment in its best form for brain workers and those who suffer from exhaustion, or are for any reason in need of a tonic.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

is an excellent, palatable food for motorists and cyclists. It is an invigorating draught before starting on a journey and on return.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

can be prepared in a variety of delicious ways as an ordinary beverage, hot or cold, according to Season.

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

*There is more sustenance in Malted Milk than in the purest ordinary form of the cow's product. The whole advantage of this nourishment is also obtained because the action of the diastase of the malt on the casein of the milk renders it incoagulable, and it is used by thousands of persons who find ordinary milk unassimilable.*

**HORLICK'S MALTED MILK**

is produced in two forms, as a Powder, and as Luncheon Tablets, which can be carried in the pocket. In the Tablet Form it appeals especially to travellers of all kinds, as it fills the place at need of solid food and enables long journeys in remote districts to be undertaken without detriment of any kind.

**HIGHLY RECOMMENDED IN BOTH FORMS BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.  
OF ALL CHEMISTS, Stores and Grocers at 1/6 & 2/6 per bottle.**

**Horlick's Food Co., 34, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.**

J.E. & Co., 34, F.R.